TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 31 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1892. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 239

Around Town.

Ambition was urged against Cæsar as a fault, but nowadays such an argument is seldom used against a successful man. Indeed, ambition is considered a part of the necessary equipment of every boy and man, nor is it considered improper for women to be ambitious along those conventional lines which society has laid down for them. But when ambition tempts men and women to overreach themselves in trying to seize prizes they have not won or to occupy places for which they are not fit, they are almost invariably met with scorn and ridicule. That some men and women can brave the opposition and derision which their pretensions excite, may indicate that they are either possessed of a knowledge of their fitness which has not yet been discovered, or are lacking in the modesty and sensitiveness so noticeably absent in the vulgar or the ignorant egotist. Under which of these groupings Erastus Wiman belongs it is not difficult to say. Financial success has made him vain far beyond the limits set by propriety and public opinion. He has long had an itching to see his name published in connection with those of men whose virtues and greatness are much better recognized than his own. For many years he has flooded the telegraph wires with speeches carefully prepared by himself or somebody else and sent out in advance of their delivery. He was successful in obtaining a vast amount of advertising by posing in New York as a representative Canadian, as the exponent if not the leader of Canadian opinion in matters relating to the business and political relations of the two countries. When it became evident that he was misleading Canadians with the idea of his importance in Yankeedom, I have no doubt his neighbors also discovered how little influence he had in Canada. This made an end to his clever scheme for advertising himself in both countries, and in Canada at least his name has of late been scarcely ever mentioned in the public prints except when coupled with a sneer at his pretensions or thrown like a rotten egg at his political allies. Under these circumstances one cannot but admire the colossal gall of the man in asking the Toronto Board of Trade to give him credentials as a representative of this city at the Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire in London. Not content with representing Brantford and the Niagara Falls, he wished to have credentials from this center of British-Canadian sentiment. That he was refused seems so eminently proper and natural that it scarcely seems necessary to thank the gentlemen whose duty it was to protect us from having our opinions voiced by such a man. Toronto's opinion of him having been so plainly expressed, I should rather enjoy the spectacle Mr. Wiman will present in the convention. He will not find the men he meets there of the sort to which he is accustomed, and I am afraid he will come home with drooping feathers. As an example of the man and means that the United States are using to coax and coerce Canada into commercial and political union he may be an actual benefit to us, and if Brantford is willing to bear the odium of sending him there Toronto can well afford to permit his presence to pass without protest. Mr. Wiman's influence is by no means great nor is there any fear that his eloquence will be dangerous. All that his record leaves undamned will be swallowed up by the wonder the other delegates will feel as to how he ever got such an exaggerated idea of himself.

***

People in cities and towns may occasionally suffer from such a storm as we had last Sunday, but even flooded cellars and such trifling inconveniences as being prevented from attending church or getting home from a picnic are not to be mentioned in comparison with the woes of a farmer who watches his grain being destroyed by storms of wind or hail or rain. We often accuse the farmer of being a discontented and complaining sort of a fellow, yet it is not to be wondered at, as he every day watches his crops and live stock, appreciating with each unfortunate change of circumstance the effect it will have upon his season's profits. When the ground is too wet for him to get in his crops in the spring and when after great labor he plants his potatoes in the mud another storm comes and rots what is growing or washes the seed into the creek, it is not strange that he should regret his lost labors and make bitter complaint. When the colt has been reared after much attention it gets a spavin or a ringbone or dies of distemper; when his cows get sick or the drouth dries up the grass; when his peach trees get the yellows and the plum trees the black knot; when caterpillars eat the apple leaves and other parasites destroy the small fruits or when everything is so plentiful that he can hardly give away his surplus, not to mention the getting a decent price for it, is it unnatural that he should make complaint? If he is sanguine and thinks he is about to have a fine crop, when the wheat is three or four feet high his hopes are likely to be destroyed by seeing it all go to straw or beaten down to the ground by a storm or destroyed by a pest. The other day a farmer who had watched the weather for three score years remarked to me, "I never knew good times to come in a wet year." It is to be hoped that his prophecy will fail of its fulfilment, for this is certainly developing into a very wet season. Yet I suppose many other men could be found whose recollections point out that good times never come in a dry year, and both may be reasonably near right. The farmer on sandy land likes to see plenty of rain, while the one on the heavy soil feels pretty sure of his crop when it once gets started even if there be very few showers. We sometimes laugh at the farmer with his contradictory prophecies, yet farmers as a class are as astute in their knowledge of the weather on land as the most skilled mariner is at sea. In his many trials he deserves very much more sympathy than he gets. If the merchant had his goods out in the rain and felt that they were being destroyed, the very fact that he was powerless to protect them or bring them under cover would make him far more bitter and complaining than a farmer is when he hears the rain dashing against his window and knows that his corn and potatoes are rotting in the field and his wheat is being beaten into the ground.

***

Wide sympathies only come with a wide experience. City people are sometimes inclined to sneer at the farmer and his wife as they ride into town on a load of grain or go about the stores hunting for bargains. They may be very close in their calculations and occasionally unpolished in their remarks, yet the weather-beaten faces rather than the toil-worn clothes should appeal to the imagination of those who serve them. The dollars they have to spend have been hardly earned; the hands knotted with rheumatism and hardened by years of toil are as gentle in their caresses of loved ones as those hands which never see the sun or lift a heavier burden than a parasol or a walking stick. There may be less polish but there is as much gentleness in the lives of the people on the side roads and concessions as in those on the streets and avenues. Unfortunately for the farmer he is too often judged by the roustabout, the hard-drinking, hard-swearing, loud-talking rough who comes from his mortgaged farm to paint the town red and show city people that he is not afraid of them. Just as often, perhaps, the farmer misjudges people from town by accepting as a representative of the many classes which make up a city the dude who goes into the country to exhibit his one suit of tennis flannels, or a bar-tender who hires a livery "rig" and patrols the side lines accompanied by a "jag" and the idea that he is teaching these hayseeds how to put on style.

***

How much happier the whole world would be if we only understood! if each one had a clearer appreciation of the trials of the other! How much more inclined we would be to bear one another's burdens if we knew how little our own load would be increased if we offered our sympathy and help to those stumbling along beside us. If each man's weaknesses were relieved by his neighbor's strength he could assuredly give as much strength in return to relieve our weaknesses, and the toil of neither would be as great. After all, what makes us all so tired, so despondent, so weary of the whole thing we call life is not the actual weight of our burden but the fear that if we ever put it down no friendly hand will be found to help raise it to our shoulders again. It is not the excess of labor in this world but the great dearth of sympathy that makes our toil so oppressive and our resting-places so uncomfortable. Take a long walk alone, then go over the same ground with a sympathetic companion and see how much the journey is shortened! Two hundred miles in a none too well ventilated smoking car sitting on a hard seat with a pleasant companion, is a shorter journey than sitting in the most magnificent Pullman accompanied by no one more congenial than one's own sad self.

GROVER CLEVELAND

Nominated by the Democratic Party for the United States Presidency.

***

The other day I saw a young woman with a young husband and a yearling baby in a C. P. R. coach going west. The baby seemed to have two or three different kinds of colic and it yelled and screamed to beat a band. As is the rule in such cases the young man didn't seem to know how to help his wife, but he had good sense enough not to get cross and insist that the baby be given a spanking. The passengers, however, were much annoyed and wondered how they were ever going to sleep that night. I heard half a dozen of them vote that it was nothing but temper made that baby misbehave itself. The poor little woman dandled it up and down, tried to sing to it, gave it drinks, did everything in her power, but for two hours that scream went up and the little legs kicked and the red hands scratched her and pulled her hair. Finally the baby went to sleep with its head on the mother's lap. Then she went to sleep and her head fell over on the back of the seat, her hair tumbling down, her face bathed in perspiration, and her whole figure was such a picture of utter weariness that the feelings of the angry people in the car underwent an immediate change. They seemed to have been unable to sympathize with the baby or to consider the mother in any other light than that of a silly young woman who didn't know her business. There was not one of them, however, who could not sympathize with weariness, with that unspeakable languor which comes after a hard and almost helpless struggle. Perhaps none of them had ever taken care of a baby, but they had all been tired. The irritable man who under his breath had been calling the baby that nasty word—"a brat"—got up and found the porter and told him to give the poor woman a pillow. The colored man woke her up, slipped a pillow under the baby's head, found her an empty seat and another pillow and was rewarded by a sight of the grateful smile she gave him as she sank down to rest. The husband stayed and watched the baby, though I know he was dying for a smoke. However, it is not a bad kind of a husband who always sticks to his wife through her little troubles, helpless as he may feel and be, and the charm of this man was that he had nothing to say either in criticism, explanation or apology.

***

I notice that the newspapers are beginning to agitate for the cleaning of the slips and the abolition of the stenches which emanate therefrom "before the tourist season begins." It is beginning to be a question in Toronto whether the tourist season ever begins. Toronto has done nothing to attract tourists. We have fewer now than we had years ago. Of course it is eminently proper to prevent the nostrils of the stranger from being assailed by the stench of the sewage poured into the bay, yet the people of Toronto who go to the Island have all along had a right to immunity from these same powerful odors. For the last three years I have been endeavoring to excite interest in the question of how to attract tourists to this, the loveliest summer city in America. It has apparently been deemed unimportant; the old hotels, the old steamers, the old night-hawk cabs at the station and wharf have all been considered good enough. Strangers are not wanted here except at religious or educational conventions. If they stay over Sunday they must see the town afoot; our opinions must be their opinions as far as by legal enactment we can force everybody to believe as we do. Even when we have big conventions we have not hotel room enough and strangers are forced to feel themselves intruders in private houses, or worse still, to "double up" or climb into cots in a boarding-house. We have men with money, but they propose to keep it where enterprise cannot corrupt nor progressive citizens break through and get it. We have struck a very solemn gait. It may not be a funeral procession, but if we keep up this solemn movement in the same direction we will get to the cemetery gate some day. The trouble with Toronto is that it does not appreciate the beauty and attractiveness of itself and its position. I have seen nowhere a lovelier city than ours, its streets lined with trees, its cool winds in summer, the bay with its thousand delightful possibilities, the beautiful drives and the lakeside parks. When strangers comes to see us, if the Council is in a generous mood it hires some hacks, shows the visitors around the town, fills up the good hotels, crowds the majority into boarding-houses or hotels built to get a license for a saloon and not for public accommodation. There is very difference in the world between the city that is intended as the resort of strangers and the city like Toronto which goes on the principle of letting the stranger go home and mind his own business if he doesn't like what he finds here. A German city of seventy thousand inhabitants, with which circumstances have made me very well acquainted, has made itself so attractive that last year ninety thousand strangers were registered there who had no other reason for going than to enjoy the beauty of the place, for not more than one in ten ever bothered with the baths and not over one in a hundred made any systematic use of the waters. Strangers would not go there if there were only a couple of good hotels. There are scores of them. Toronto seems to go on the principle that there is no money for the city in attracting tourists. In the city of which I speak the subscription to the Kursaal, where the band plays twice a day, not only paid the expenses of that institution last year but added many permanent improvements to the town and maintained all the parks and roadways. However, it is possibly time wasted in trying to convince Toronto that instead of having a few straggling visitors and occasional conventions it might be made one of the most popular and delightful summer places on this continent.

***

We were all congratulating ourselves on the propriety and dignity of Sir Oliver Mowat's action in asking for Elgin Myers' resignation as County Crown Attorney of Dufferin county, when the *Mail* raised its Ebenezer in defence of the annexationist and said that our Czar of Ontario was not right in his action. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the facts; enough to say that Mr. Elgin Myers is Sir Oliver Mowat's deputy in Dufferin county. Mr. Myers having been educated in the school of political expediency appears to have hungered for an opportunity to manifest himself as a Man. Being in so many respects a servant of the Government it was not entirely unnatural that he should desire to exemplify himself as a person of independent opinions in at least one other respect. He selected Annexation to the United States as his means of justifying his existence as something better than an Ontario official. As a prominent advocate of this insignificantly developed but thoroughly disloyal idea, he attracted the attention of his Premier and received notice to shut up or quit. It appears that Mr. Myers, dearly as he may love office, is much more enamored of his right to state what Mr. Myers thinks. All of this may indicate that Mr. Myers is a great man with a great deal to say and enormous projects on foot, or it may suggest to the thoughtful reader that Mr. Myers is a hen-pecked official who thought he might keep a hen in his own back yard and fancy himself a poultry king. At any rate Mr. Myers has been using his mouth to an extent which seemed unlawful in the eyes of Sir Oliver Mowat. Mr. Myers has been reading the newspapers; he saw that the Reform party was un-Canadian and favored commercial union. Accepting Mr. Blake as his guide he interpreted their action to mean that they were in favor of annexation. His deductions were logical; they were the deductions of every man who studied the question recently presented by the Liberal party to the electors. He felt that he had a Mission. Conjointly with many others he felt that Sir Oliver was a humbug when he dwelt upon the Evidences of Christianity and was quite as great a fraud when he made Loyalty his battle cry. We must believe that Mr. Myers possessed inside information. No ordinary official would be as bold as he was unless he knew the emptiness of his Premier's pretensions. We must believe that no genuine Grit drawing a salary would intentionally commit official hari-kari in this manner. History contains no such precedent. Mr. Myers felt that he was on safe ground and proceeded to advocate annexation. Sir Oliver could advocate Home Rule; why could not Don Quixote de Orangeville advocate annexation? I have no doubt in the world that the disagreement between these eminent gentlemen was occasioned by their entire disbelief in each other's political honesty, a disbelief which to my mind is thoroughly well grounded.

***

When we come to the merits of the case there is not the slightest doubt but that Sir Oliver was right. An officer of the crown has no more right to advocate treason than an

officer in the army has to preach sedition. Annexation is not only treason to the crown but an attempt to betray the best interests of Canada. Taat Sir Oliver has a right to dismiss Myers and that he could not have better grounds every Canadian must admit. Elgin Myers has no more business to be prosecuting attorney and annexationist at the same time than another man would have to be thief and judge at the same time. As a private citizen he can advocate anything he pleases within the law and no one will hinder him and as heretofore but few will listen to him. As a representative of the crown he has a distinct duty to perform. His oath of office should have prevented any such foolish and unpatriotic manifestations as have made him unfit to present the Queen's case to any jury. Sir Oliver deserves the commendation of all his fellow countrymen for his conduct and the brevity and dignity of his correspondence are worthy of a diplomat. After we admit this we have admitted everything. That Mr. Myers was surprised is but an echo of the reasons which made him believe that he was safe while disturbing the public and in spirit if not in fact profaning his oath of office. What Sir Oliver Mowat did was grounded on the proprieties of official life; those who disbelieve in Sir Oliver Mowat will believe with me that Mr. Myers held the opinion that anything that did not injure the Premier of Ontario and his party was right. That is the well known and long established theory of the Mowat administration.

* * *

No doubt Mr. Elgin Myers saw Mr. Peter Ryan, co-Registrar of Toronto, engineering the cab and voting apparatus in the last East York campaign and thought that if a Grit shouter who had been forced upon a Tory city like this dare outrage public opinion, the County Crown Attorney of Dufferin might safely do likewise. If Mr. Ryan had a right to "hoss" machinery intended to defeat a Dominion Government candidate, it was not hard for Mr. Myers to jump to the conclusion that he had a right to talk those improper things intended to destroy the nationality of Canada. If Sir Oliver intends to dismiss all his annexationist officials who declare their views semi-publicly, if not on the platform, there will be a long list of vacancies to be filled. There is a jailer in the county he represents who has preached annexation for years. Why does not his wrath fall upon him? A dozen others might be enumerated and we have a very good right to demand, now that the principle has been fixed, that all these disturbers of the peace be attended to.

have no doubt that Sir Oliver is a loyal man and a virtuous citizen, but it makes me a little bit tired to see him so patriotic in spots, so unpatriotic as a rule. Ontario is glad to be rid of Mr. Myers as an official, but there are a thousand others who hold the same views and preach them almost as publicly who might receive the condemnation of His Royal Highness.

* * *

Talking about patriotism, the proposal of the Dominion Government to sit on Dominion Day while adjourning for saint-homage and bone-worship a half a dozen times during the session is a tiresome spectacle. The saints whose names are perpetuated by means of these holidays can take care of themselves; they are beyond the reach of criticism. Dominion Day is only twenty-five years old; the Dominion is not yet settled in its purpose; the father of it has not been canonized; the worship of it is unnecessary but the observance of the day is a Canadian institution and if it be disregarded those responsible for this slight deserve to be called to account. If we never become a nation we may blame our rulers for their lack of patriotism but we should much more properly blame ourselves for permitting them to disregard the anniversary of an event which while it may mean nothing to them should mean everything to Canada. Who ever heard of the United States Congress sitting on the Fourth of July? Who can conceive of such an absurdity as adjourning to kneel at the grave of a saint whose deeds are dim in history, while passing by, heedless of the country's gaze, the day which cradled our Confederation and should have marked the birth of a sentiment, the absence of which is all that keeps our country from being great and from preventing our politicians from developing into thieves!

* * *

The nomination of Grover Cleveland by the Democratic party has been by no means a surprise, and yet all the powers of the machine politic have been directed against him. It is difficult for outsiders to draw a moral from American politics. The enthusiasm of the Republicans seemed to have been with Blaine, yet he was defeated; the belief of the Democrats was with Cleveland and he was nominated. If there be anything in the nature of a moral in the two conventions it is that the hard sense of the Yankees cannot be carried away by shouting but will demonstrate itself on a ballot on the basis of what is wisest for the party, and if successful at the polls, best for the nation. If this be the moral it is an excellent one and those who have named the Presidential candidates have done their duty. Grover Cleveland has not been a seeker after temporary popularity. His career has been a singular exposition of the idea that a man's public life must be candid, straightforward and national. He has used none of the wiles of the politician, while Hill, his chief opponent, has used them all. Blaine had with him all the enthusiasm of the people who felt; Harrison had with him the votes of the people who believed. Faith, Nver all, seems triumphant. Never before in the history of a Presidential contest was there such a clean-cut issue before the people of the Republic as at present. Neither Grover Cleveland nor Benjamin Harrison can be called a magnetic man; the fight is a fight of principles. Outside of Tammany there was really no opposition to Cleveland. He is pre-eminently the greatest Democrat in America, and if he can carry New York he will be the next President of the United States.

* * *

Children's Fresh Air Fund for the past week as follows:

Previously acknowledged	$137 75
R. P. M., City	5 00
Stenographers in Canada Life Building	18 55
Total	$161 30

The Fresh Air Fund contribution has been doubled for the past three years. Let it be doubled again. It only needs the work of some one in each office building to obtain as large a subscription as the one from the Canada Life Stenographers. DON.

Social and Personal.

The Lieutenant-Governor and his gracious lady have every reason to be gratified at the success of their first public reception held on Wednesday last. From four o'clock until shortly before seven the Government House was crowded with the flower of Toronto's citizens, all anxious to do honor to the Hon. G. A. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The brilliancy and beauty of the costumes worn was remarkable. The crowd was such that about five o'clock, when the reception was at its height, the greatest difficulty was experienced in reaching the main entrance. It is thought that between sixteen and seventeen hundred people left their cards. The day was perfect in its beauty, and Toronto society never looked to better advantage than on this occasion, when learned judges, lawyers, doctors, ministers, financiers, merchant princes and dignified and beautiful women came together to the Government House.

*

The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick stood in the middle reception-room. The cordiality and grace with which they welcomed their guests was delightful to witness and won at once the hearts of those who were so kindly received. From the reception-room the guests passed through the drawing-room into the ball-room, where a long table bountifully spread extended down one side of the room. After leaving the ball-room many of those present stepped out upon the velvet lawns and sauntered about the terraces and beneath the giant elm trees, which cast cool shadows on the green turf. The band of the Queen's Own was accommodated on a platform erected in the center of the lawn, where they played to every one's delight during the whole reception.

*

The beautiful and winning hostess was attired in a lovely dress of white silk with stripes of mauve and green, trimmed with white lace and green ribbons. She wore a hat of white lace with primrose blossoms. Mrs. Banks wore a pretty gown of gray and pale blue with white lace; Miss Kirkpatrick, white and blue; Mrs. Hoskin, black and mauve; Mrs. Percival Ridout, gray and black; Mrs. Nordheimer, pink and black; Mrs. James Crowther, mauve and white china silk with trimmings of *chiffon*; Miss Beatty, light India silk trimmed with sapphire blue velvet; Miss N. Macdonald, soft gray and white *crepon* and white silk; Miss Hoskin, pink and white china silk; Mrs. Moffatt, blue silk and black lace; Mrs. DuMoulin, black silk, lace and jet; Miss DuMoulin, pale blue; Miss S. Baldwin, cream *crepon*, with hat to match. Many other beautiful dresses were worn, far too many to mention here.

About a quarter to seven as the last guests were departing the band played the sweet strains of the bonnie Scotch air Will Ye No Come Back Again! and then the great rooms were deserted after one of the most, if not the most, successful reception ever held in them. It is evident that the most cordial relations exist between the new occupants of Government House and Toronto people. Everyone will join with me in wishing bright days and happy hearts to the Governor and his lady.

*

Among the many who were present were: Mr. Justice Maclennan, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and the Misses Ferguson, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. Justice Osler, Mrs. Law, Lady Mowat, Sir Thomas Galt, Hon. and Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Hon. and Mrs. Harcourt, Hon. Nich. Awrey, Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Archbishop Walsh, Canon, Mrs. and the Misses DuMoulin, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. G. D. Boulton, Dr. and Mrs. Buchan, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. G. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Foy, Mrs. John and the Misses Taylor, Mr. Maurice Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Gibson, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdougall, Sir William Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Capt. Roach, Dr. Kirtland, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Col. and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Col. Pemberton, Mr. and Mrs. Curran Morrison, Miss Pope, Mrs. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Mrs. H. T. Walker, Mr. Kivas Tully, Mr. J. G. C. Troop, Mr. J. E. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. David Creighton, Rev. and Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell, Prof. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. T. Talt, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Sir Daniel and Miss Wilson, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blake, Mrs. T. Moss, Mr. Robert Moss, Mr. A. McLean Howard, Dr. and Mrs. Primrose, Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. P. and the Misses Hughes, Mrs. Hoyles, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Cassels, Mr. G. L. Beardmore, Mr. Grant Ridout, Major and Mrs. Delamere, Mr. W. T. Jennings, Miss Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Greenshields, Mrs. Heward, Mrs. G. A. and the Misses Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Ridout, Miss Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. and Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mr. T. Langton, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, the Misses Mickle, Col. and Mrs. Newbiggins, Mr. and Mrs. S. Foy, Mr. Charles Carpmeal, Mr. T. H. Ince, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Dalton, Mrs. Henry Boulton, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. and Miss Edgar, Mrs. E. C. Montizambert, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Mr. G. Vankoughnet, Mr. S. S. M. Kirkpatrick, Miss Michie, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. and Miss Greene, Mr. G. A. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. P. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Mrs. W. H. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, the Misses Sullivan, Mrs. F. Shanley Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mr. G. S. and the Misses Michie, Major Harrison, Mrs. J. B. and the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. and the Misses Beatty, Col. Jones, Principal MacMurchy, Mr. Angus MacMurchy, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. and the Misses Lee, Major Grieg, Dr. Thorburn, Miss Veals, Miss Dupont, Mr. S. A. Heward, Mr. G. C. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Lindsey, Mrs. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh and Miss Macdonald, Col., Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mr. John Ley, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Moss, Miss Blake, Mr. G. S. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. G. M. McMicking, Miss Chadwick, Miss Proudfoot, Mr. and Mrs. McLean Howard, Mr. H. M. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. James Alexander, Miss G. Strange, Mr. C. B. DuMoulin, Prof., Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Manning, Mr. Justice Street, Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Palmer, Mrs. G. W. Howard, the Misses Howland, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Lieut.-Col., Mrs. and the Misses Milligan, Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Dr. McDonagh, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. F. C. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, the Misses Langmuir, Rev. Canon Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Shepley, Mr. and Mrs. A. VanKoughnet, Dr. Richardson, His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. E. Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moss, Mr. and Mrs. L. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bialkie, Sheriff and Mrs. F. Mowat, Mrs. Greig, the Misses Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Wadsworth, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. A. Crawford, the Misses Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Darling, Rev. and Mrs. S. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Meredith, the Misses Meredith, Mrs. John Michie, the Chief Justice of Ontario, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton McCarthy, Judge Morson, Miss McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Clarke, the Misses Clarke.

*

The Argonaut Rowing Club are to be congratulated on another success. The At Home last Saturday afternoon was well attended and everyone seemed to enjoy the combination of racing, dancing, lake breezes and refreshments. Those who could not secure seats to watch the races danced and promenaded, and though at times the wind was blow strongly no one seemed to mind. For dancing, the floor was in good condition and the music was enough to put spirit in lagging feet, had any been there. The refreshment tables were exceedingly pretty, flowers being placed artistically among the tempting dainties. Among the many pretty dresses I noticed were: Mrs. (Judge) Osler, looking very stately in a bronze brocade, heavily jetted; Mrs. Cosby, in violet-flowered silk, with dainty little flower bonnet to match; Mrs. J. K. Osborne, who looked a pretty gown of white-flowered delaine with lace, tinted ribbons and white feather boa; Miss Bunting, in delicate heliotrope with a *chiffon* hat; Mrs. A. Cameron was much admired in a gray and white Bedford cord gown; Miss Macdonald looked pretty in a delicate pink and green frock and leghorn hat trimmed with water lilies; Miss Dick wore a becoming gown of pearl gray; Miss Osler wore a dainty white frock; Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin wore a very handsome Empire gown of rose Bedford cord, bonnet of lace and apple blossoms; Miss Ethel McCarthy wore a pretty pink and white flannel; Miss Robinson, *creme crepon* and lace; Miss Lamport, flowered delaine and lace; Miss Strickland, pink chambra with leghorn hat; Miss Morphy, silver gray tweed; Miss Smith, white serge finished off with gold cord; Miss V. Mason, fawn tweed with scarlet tulle hat and poppies; Miss Gurney, pale olive green gown and hat of the same shade with cowslips; Miss Langmuir, light brown with fancy trimming. Others present were: Mrs. and Miss Baldwin, Mrs. Dick, Mr. W. Read, Mr. H. Boddy, Mr. Ross, Miss L. Wise, Mr. Boulton, Miss Middleton, the Misses Macdonnell, Mr. H. Minty, Mr. F. and Miss McLean, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Baldwin, Mrs. Mason, Miss T. Mason, Mr. J. Jones, Miss T. Hoskin, the Misses Buchan, Mr. W. T. Hunter, Mr. E. Morphy, Mr. Robertson, Miss Brock, Miss Lamport, Miss Beatty, Miss Douglas, Mr. J. Ince, Capt. J. Magee, Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, Mr. V. Hutcheson, Mr. R. Cowan, Mr. C. Bogert, Miss Campbell, Miss Thompson, Mr. F. Kennin, Mr. A. Langtry, the Misses Blight, Mr. Swabey, Mr. Bedford Jones and Mr. L. Grahame.

*

Threatening skies could not keep Toronto people away from the Upper Canada games, and I am sure everyone was glad for the sake of the gallant contestants that the breezes were a little cool. Many carriages rolled through Deer Park and up the long drive to the handsome new buildings. The Upper Canada boys may well regard with pride and affection the beautiful grounds and the handsome buildings. It is one of the pleasantest things possible to see the devotion of the now gray-haired "old boys," always eager to defend their old school's interests. And as for the boys at college now, why, they were so anxious to have the games on their own grounds that they even turned out before breakfast, morning after morning, and prepared the racing track. Principal and Mrs. Dickson received their guests with their usual kindness and cordiality. At the close of the proceedings Mrs. Hendrie presented the prizes. Amongst those present I noticed: Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. and Miss Baldwin, Prof. Huntingford, Mrs. Armour, Dr. and Mrs. Ross, Mrs. and the Misses Mulock, Miss Mason, Miss T. Mason, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Miss Hamilton, the Misses Hendrie, Mr. Edgar, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. Bunting, Mrs. and Miss Waldie, Dr. J. Thorburn, Miss Boulton, Mr. Cassells, Mrs. Chas. Moss, Dr. Scadding, Mrs. Beatty, Mr. MacGillivray, Miss Jones, Mr. Sloan, Miss Hoskins, and Miss Elgar. Many of the gowns worn were pretty and striking. Mrs. W. Hendrie wore a stylish costume of mauve and lace; Mrs. John Hay, black silk and jet, a large hat with plumes and little sprays of forget-me-nots; Mrs. Macdonald looked well in walking costume of navy blue serge.

*

Among those who attended Mrs. Goldwin Smith's At Home last Thursday were: Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Homer Dixon, Mrs. S. Nordheimer, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Percival Ridout, Miss Dupont, Miss Wilkie, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. Dunsford, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Miss DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wood and Mrs. and Miss Wragge. The tree-shaded grounds made a cool retreat from the hot sun. The Grange is a delightful place on one of Toronto's perfect June days.

Mr. Andrew Mulock and Mr. Alexander Morris left for Beaumaris, Muskoka, this week.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Jardine and family leave for Jackson's Point, Lake Simcoe, to-day.

*

Mr. W. R. Meredith left last Saturday for England.

*

Owing to the heavy fall of rain on Tuesday afternoon the garden party at Barnstaple, in aid of St. Luke's church, was not such a success as it would otherwise have been. The preparations were most extensive and those who dared the weather enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

*

The great crowds at Government House did not prevent the Bishop Strachan strawberry festival from being a very successful affair. Tastefully decorated tables were scattered about the pretty grounds. The young ladies of Bishop Strachan's school always look well and behave gracefully. After the festival Miss Grier held a reception in the drawing-rooms. Amongst those I noticed were: Mrs. McLean Howard, the Misses Marling, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mr. O. P. and the Misses Edgar, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Henderson, and Mr. Henry O'Brien.

*

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Baker of 30 Rose avenue left last Saturday for Baker's Island, Lake Rosseau.

*

Mrs. John Cawthra has become the fortunate possessor of Mr. Carl Ahrens' picture, Cradled in a Net.

*

On Tuesday last the Church of the Redeemer was the scene of a very pretty wedding when Miss Edith Maule, daughter of Captain Maule, was united in marriage with Mr. Charles Holcroft, son of Mr. Thomas Holcroft of the Wilderness, Orillia. The bride wore a charming gown of white brocaded satin with veil and orange blossoms and carried white roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Lillian Maule, Miss Holcroft and Miss Palsworth wore white silk and cashmere gowns, large leghorn hats trimmed with pink roses and carried bouquets of roses tied with pink ribbon. The groom was supported by Mr. Campbell of Barrie, Mr. Percy Maule, Mr. Wilmot Strathy, Mr. F. Strathy and Mr. Burton Holcroft acted as ushers. The presents were numerous and very handsome. A few of those present were: Judge, Mrs. and Miss Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Mr. and the Misses Meredith, Mr. and the Misses McLean Howard, Colonel and Mrs. Milligan, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat, Mr. and the Misses Laing, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. S. Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, the Misses Strathy, Hon. S. C. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Osler, Prof. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Miss Ramsay of Hamilton, Mr. Masten, Mr. Brown, Mr. Scholfield, Dr. and Mrs. C. Lewitt, Mrs. F. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham, Mr. D. T. and the Misses Symonds, Rev. S. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Miss Ireland and Mr. Pilsworth. The happy couple left by the two o'clock boat for the Thousand Islands and Montreal. Upon their return they will take up their residence at 7 Balmuto street.

*

The Misses Lilias and Catherine Drummond of Grosvenor street have returned by the Parisian from an extended tour in Europe. They were accompanied by Miss Frances MacKechnie of St. Leonard's, Edinburgh.

*

Mrs. Alexander Cameron of Carlton street received for the first time last Monday afternoon.

*

Mr. A. T. Fulton, who during a visit at Carlisle was taken so seriously ill, is much improved in health. Mr. Fulton and Miss Skeaff hope to return to Toronto in July.

*

Mrs. Barnet and family of Pembroke street left for Muskoka this week to spend part of the summer.

*

Mr. James Watt, secretary-treasurer *Globe*, Mrs. and Miss Watt left on Wednesday last for a trip to Europe.

*

June is not only the month of weddings but the month devoted to the closing At Homes of ladies' schools. It would be a hard heart indeed that would refuse to take delight in the bright happy faces, the girlish airs, new gowns and the grown-up "old" dignity of the pretty graduates. It does me good to see the proud, interested faces of the immediate relatives when Ethel, Maud or whoever it is performs her part and covers herself with glory. This week almost every night has had its special closing, the Ontario Ladies' College on Monday,

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Chamois Gloves from 95c.

A special line in Swede 8 button Thread Gloves, 75c. Silk Gloves in all lengths, the new shades.

CORSETS

In order to introduce the P. D. Corsets, so that they may become widely known, we are having (for this month only) a special sale.

Marguerite at $2, usual price $3; Donita, $5, usual price $6. R. & G. in every style and price.

DRESSMAKING

Pretty Delaines and India Silks for summer wear. Special attention given to Trousseaux.

Millinery and Mantle Making

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East

TORONTO

JUNE WEDDINGS

DINNER SETS

The largest and only complete line in the city.

PANTECHNETHECA 116 Yonge St. Cor. Adelaide

A nice line of small sets for summer cottages.

CUNARD LINE

Sailing Every Saturday from New York

UNSURPASSED FOR

Safety, Civility and Comfort

W. A. GEDDES, AGENT

69 Yonge Street, Toronto

DALMATIAN

INSECT POWDER

White Hellibore

Cockroach Powder

GUARANTEED TO KILL

AT

McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE

230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

RED STAR LINE

U. S. AND BELGIAN ROYAL MAIL

New York, Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. The route via Antwerp is most convenient for access to the principal points in Germany, the Rhine, France, Switzerland, Italy, etc. Excursion tickets valid to return by Inman Line from Liverpool.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

HERBERT E. SIMPSON

PHOTOGRAPHER

143 College Street - - Toronto

2nd DOOR WEST OF QUEEN ST. AVENUE

SUCCESSOR to Isaac NORMAN & FRASER

Iron and - Brass BEDSTEADS

Camp Beds, Children's Cots

RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED

King and Victoria Streets - - - - TORONTO

100 Ways for Cooking Eggs

By A. FILIPPINI (25 years with Delmonico). In cloth binding, ink and gold stamps, 50 cents. (This is the first number of the "Handy Volume Culinary Series.")

100 Recipes for Cooking and Serving Fish

By A. FILIPPINI. In cloth binding (uniform with "100 Eggs.") 50 cents.

JAMES BAIN & SON, Fine Stationery, Toronto

Various Fancies.

I HAVE seen a cheap bookcase made of three shoe boxes, each one being a third shorter than the other; these graduated boxes were set one upon the other so that the three ends came together, making a straight side on one side and three steps on the other. All the shelves were edged with strips of split bamboo, pieces of the same covering any rough edges that came in sight. The steps held large vases, pots of palms and flowering plants, which made the bookcase a thing of beauty as well as utility, and brightened wonderfully an otherwise dark corner.

•

One may have almost anything now in bamboo. There are most graceful cabinets, with shelves and a glass above, a cupboard and three shelves below; hall stands for hats and cloaks; sideboards, newspaper stands, teatables with flaps at the sides, writing tables, overmantels with mirror in center, mirrors of a shield shape with shelves round. Nearly all these are improved by some additional color.

•

Neutral color steals the hues from all colors. For example, you can add enough white or black to a small quantity of red so the red will entirely disappear, being stolen or absorbed by the neutral. Now, as it appears, neutral is the drill-master of our choice, and his orders should be followed if it is expected to have satisfactory results. First always break a discord of two colors by placing a strip of neutral color between them, similar to the following: As the complexion (orange) and violet are in total discord, then violet should never be worn in cultivated society. But as, perhaps, there are a few persons who have violet wearing apparel, the best remedy or improvement that can be suggested would be to break the discord between face and dress by wearing some kind of a shoulder cape of neutral black fur or astrakan for street wear and a wide black collar of lace or openwork for house wear. If a collar of solid material is worn it will have the appearance of coarseness or lack of refinement that lace always contributes to our individuality. A narrow standing collar of white or cream may be worn with this combination, but a wide turn-down collar should never be worn with the above. Supposing a lady has, for example, a jacket-waist of orange and a skirt of yellowish green or citrine—which would be in total discord—then, by adding a waist-flounce to the jacket, of neutral color, the discord is broken and greatly modified. A neutral flounce is the only color that would be correct; but a flounce or border of cinnamon, snuff or seal brown would be in blending harmony with the jacket and also in contrast with the skirt, resulting in a measure quite satisfactory, although not strictly correct.

•

Gentlemen's black silk hats for spring and summer differ from those of last season in having the crown more bell-shaped and only six inches and an eighth high. The brim is two inches or less in width, with very narrow curled edge. The band around the crown is also narrower, and has fancy edges. For general wear are stiff felt Derby hats, with round tapering crown, made quite small, as spring hats should be when overcoats are not worn. These have the narrow band and narrowly curled brim described for silk hats, and are most often black, though very light hats are chosen to match light-colored suits. Soft Alpine hats with round crown dented, and Homburg hats with a square crown that may be worn plain or sunken, dented, or else creased as Alpine hats are, will be worn during the summer, and are preferred by many for street wear in town, as well as for traveling and country use. Bronze, brown and pearl colors prevail in these comfortable hats; some have a plain surface, while the newest have a rough nap or hair finish. Straw hats are of slightly modified sailor shape, with low crown and medium-wide stiff brim. The preference is for rough straws with white or light ribbon band. Ladies can wear hats of precisely the same shape. An effort will be made in the summer to revive hats of pearl-colored cassimere, with hair finish or rough nap, like those worn long ago.

•

The present fancy is for large canes with the Prince of Wales crook capped with silver, and ornamented below with a slight band of silver, or serpentine coils, a spider or fly, a horseshoe, or rows of *fleurs-de-lis*. The stick is of fragrant cherry wood, or of crab, Scotch furze, or polished pimento, or else of "wounded oak," stabbed while growing in the green tree to mark it more handsomely when dry. It is the whim of the moment to carry the cane with the end pointing forward when thrust under the arm, or else to swing it low with the handle down, almost scraping the sidewalk. New umbrellas are of taffeta silk, so closely rolled on a triangular stick as to appear no larger than a cane. The handle attached is of some natural wood, as cherry or pimento, with perhaps a slight trimming of silver caps and bands like those on walking sticks.

•

The Princesse gowns are more the rage than ever in Paris. A favorite Princesse robe is in an indescribable tone of *eau de Nil*, the material being cashmere and the finishings in silk. The skirt is trimmed with a deep pleating of cameo crape, and between the pleating and the cashmere there are exquisite embroideries of rosebuds and green leaves. This embroidery is used again to edge a narrower pleating of the crape at the waist and on the sleeves and collar.

•

A new importation is the lily-of-the-valley handkerchief. The center is a square of white *crepe de Chine*, with a border of delicate green *crepe*, and the edge of the handkerchief is outlined with embroidered lilies-of-the-valley. It should be as fragrant as the real flowers themselves. Handkerchiefs of varied colored *crepes* have deep borders of black lace, or else black lace insertion, combined with a ruffle of the *crepe*. To be at all in fashion, the handkerchief must blend in color with the gown worn.

•

The Nautch Girl shoe is the latest novelty in dancing shoes. It is made of satin in pretty colors—pale green, pink, sky-blue, cardinal, golden brown, and other shades—and has an instep strap trimmed with golden sequins and little bells which jingle pleasantly.

LA MODE.

Tom Thumb's Ingenuity.

Gen. Tom Thumb became a slave to the drink habit in his latter days. After Barnum had taken him to Europe and had advertised him very extensively, a shrewd theatrical manager conceived the idea of starring him in a Lilliputian play. A contract was signed and the tour began. The general had no dramatic ability, but the play gave him very little work to do and people turned out to see the famous little man whom Barnum's genius had made known the world over. He proved a great drawing card for a while. Then he began to drink heavily and very often disappointed large audiences by being unable to appear.

After seeing his money squandered in this manner until patience ceased to be a virtue, the manager decided to adopt heroic measures. He set himself to watch the general and never let the little fellow get out of his sight for a moment.

At St. Louis the manager had occasion to leave the hotel for an hour and, determined not to take any chances, locked the general in his room. When he returned he was struck speechless with astonishment. The door was locked, but stretched upon the floor was Tom Thumb as drunk as a lord.

No sooner had the manager left than the general rattled the door until he attracted the attention of a bell boy. Slipping a dollar under the door, he instructed the boy to go to a saloon, buy a pint of whisky and an ordinary clay pipe. When the boy returned the general told him to put the pipestem through the keyhole and pour the liquor into the pipe bowl. He did so and the dwarf, standing on tiptoe, placed his lips to the pipestem and drank himself into total unconsciousness.—*Chicago Mail.*

The Hillside Farmer.

The man was plowing a patch of corn on a hillside farm with a horse thinner than the soil was. As I rode up to the fence he stopped to see what I wanted.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" I remarked.

"Kinder," he said, mopping his face.

"Why don't you plow deeper?" I suggested.

"Down to the bed rock now," he said, with a grin.

"How many acres have you?" I enquired.

"Seventy."

"I guess you don't work it right," I said, with the air of a man who knew all about the business. "You ought to turn the whole farm over."

He looked at me lazily for ten seconds.

"Well, who in thunder'll I turn it over to?" he asked, in mild surprise. "Thar ain't nobody 'round here as kin afford to take it. They're got more now than they can pay taxes on. Maybe you'd like to try it, mister, an' I'll throw the whole thing for that hoss you're ridin', and throw the old woman and children in to boot. What do you say?"

I said good-bye hurriedly and went away in the same ratio.

A Woman's Invention.

It was a woman who invented the system of signaling with colored lights now used on land and sea all over the world. She is Mrs. Martha J. Coston of Washington. It is reported that while she was very young her husband, Benjamin Franklin Coston, an officer in the marines, died, leaving her with three little children to support. She devoted herself to the perfection of experiments begun by her husband, and worked out the system which has brought her fame and fortune. Her code was of great value to the government during the war, and since then it has been used in other departments, notably the life saving service, and signals have been adopted by the principal European governments, and she has received many honors from royalty.

Jay Gould's Friend.

He bore every evidence of the species tramp, and he was plodding his weary way up the Seventeenth street as aimlessly as a mariner without a compass. He had reached the corner of Champs when he was accosted by an ebony-hued polisher of kangaroo with:

"Shine, sir, shine? A good shine for a nickel."

He paused in his amble and, gazing first at the bootblack with a look of withering scorn and then at a pair of ancient brogans, from which ten dirty toes protruded, said:

"Look ahere, young feller, I come tro' Peablo las' week an' Jay Gould give me dem shoes, an' anybody wot knows Jay knows he don't wear no aslinee sale shoes. D'yer think I'd insult one old frien' Jay by gettin' a five-cent shine on dem? 'Sides, you're cuttin' de rates."

And he glided up the street, stopping a block above and casting a look of mingled indignation and contempt in the direction of the thoroughly squelched manipulator of the brush and dauber.

And She Caught One.

Evelyn (at the sea shore)—I saw you and Jack under that parasol of yours yesterday, and it looked too funny. Why, the handle is long enough for a fishing rod. What do you use it for?

Marion (toying with a new diamond ring)—A fishing rod.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Guilty.

"Sullivan was arrested for having his hands in his pockets the other day."

"How could they arrest him for that?"

"Carrying concealed weapons."

What He Didn't Like.

Landlady—Why do you wish to leave my house, Mr. Starboarder? Don't you like the table?

Mr. S.—Oh, yes, very much indeed. I don't know that I ever saw a better one. It's what you put on it that I can't stand any longer.

CHOICE FLOWERS

ALL VARIETIES IN SEASON

We have a large stock of Bedding Plants, Annuals, Hanging Baskets, &c., now ready.

We are also agents for Cast Iron Fancy Vases for lawns or verandas. Call at the Conservatories or at our 164 Yonge Street Store and see cute and prices. They are really beautiful and cheap.

S. TIDY & SON

TORONTO

Tel. Conservatories - 3057

Tel. Yonge Street - - - 2089

N. B.—Floral Decorations our Specialty. Funeral Offerings on short notice.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

WE read that the wearing of gloves is of very ancient origin. The record does not speak of half mitts; they're more likely an evolution of modern days. Half mitts are suited to the summer weather that this country furnishes, and this is where you're interested.

Ladies' silk Lace Half Mitts, 17, 20, 25, 30, 35c.
Ladies' Plain Silk Mitts, 20, 30, 40c.
Misses' Silk Lace Mitts, 17, 20, 25c.
Misses' Plain Silk Mitts, 17, 25c.
Misses' Pure Silk Gloves, black and colored, fast dyes, 25, 35, 45c.
Ladies' Black Taffetas, superior quality, fast dyes, 25, 35, 45c.
Ladies' Imitation Suede, worth seeing, 25, 35c.
Children's Lisle, Silk and Taffeta Gloves, cent
Men's White and Dark Colors in Lisle and Taffeta Gloves.

One wants a parasol now or not at all. Much newness and style in this year's parasols. Can match any costume, and prices are low.

Order by letter if an out-of-town resident.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

When looking at this sketch there is a doubt in your mind. The question is: Was she very heavy or was he very affectionate? There can, however, be no doubt that to get the best value for money and the most reliable Dry Goods you must go direct to

Armson & Stone

212 YONGE STREET

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)

OFFICE NO. 75 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Deposits received, large and small sums. Interest at current rates allowed

HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

The Lake Shore House

SANDBANKS

Prince Edward County, Ont.

Is Now Open for the Season of 1892

These sand banks are the most famous in the world and have a beautiful sand beach miles in extent.

For bathing this place cannot be surpassed in any fresh water.

East and West lakes furnish all the good fishing the most sanguine could desire.

For further particulars apply to

McDONALD & HYATT, Props.

SANDBANKS P.O., Ont.

A CHARMING RESORT

If our citizens knew what delightful weather we are having here and how well the St. Leon Springs Hotel is managed they would take advantage of the cheap rates by water or rail and come to St Leon Springs in large numbers. The Saratoga of Canada.

M. A. THOMAS, of Toronto
Manager

MUSKOKA LAKE

BEAUMARIS HOTEL

TONDERN ISLAND

The most convenient and central point on the Muskoka Lakes. All steamers connect here. Parties leaving Toronto by morning express arrive at 4 p.m.; by night express, at 8 a.m.

EDWARD PROWSE

Queen's Royal Hotel

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

This beautiful summer resort is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. It is situated in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario and the mouth of the Niagara River. Hops every Saturday evening during the season. For terms and illustrated circular apply to

McGAW & WINNETT,
Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

R. M. MELVILLE

Toronto General Steamship Agency

28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

"Oh, That This Too, Too Solid Flesh Would Melt!"

Our stout patients make the above exclamation less frequently since by our treatment they are reducing their weight at the rate of nine pounds every two weeks, besides enjoying more than their ordinary good health. We have several such cases.

Madam who is forty-five or fifty may in six months have her lines obliterated, her hollow cheeks made plump and round, those hollows in the neck filled out, her flesh made firm and her skin given a youthful glow by our treatments. Gentle massage, not pinching or pounding, and face steaming, milk baths or electricity, whichever is best for the subject. Write or call for particulars. MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM'S TOILET PARLORS, 145½ Yonge Street, Toronto. Superfluous hair removed by electrolysis. Send stamp for booklet.

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

63 King Street West—(up stairs)

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

We are now showing all the latest designs in French, English and American Patterns for

Spring and Summer Wear

Also a great variety of Millinery Novelties, Veilings, &c.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

New Summer Millinery

A Very Fine Selection of Laces and Jet Trimmings

MISS PAYNTER

3 King Street East

Over J. E. Ellis & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

DRESSMAKING

Evening Dresses and Riding Habits

Dresses Cut and Fitted

CORSETS TO ORDER

ANY STYLE.

E. J. CHUBB, 356½ Yonge Street, south of Trinity Square.

Ladies' Oxford Shoes

RUSSIAN LEATHER

In Tan and Wine color. Also Patent Leather and Kid.

Ease, Elegance and Economy combined.

J. D. KING & CO.

79 King Street East

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best.

Prepared in New and Special Scientific Process.

Medical opinion recommends them for HEALTH and COMFORT.

Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are superb, passed for COMFORT, STYLE AND DURABILITY. Sold IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Dealer or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for illustrated Circular.

E. IZOD & SON,
90, Milk St., London.
Manufacturers: LAUNDRY, HANTS.

ARMAND'S

Hair and Perfumery Store

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE 2498

The Largest and Most Complete Establishment of its Kind in America.

LADIES who desire comfort, and to save trouble and time in curling their own hair during the hot weather, for traveling, seaside, country or at home, should provide themselves with one of ARMAND'S pretty little NATURAL CURLY BANG, never requiring curling. Prices from $2, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7 and higher, according to size, style and color.

OUR SWITCHES are FASHIONABLE and superior in make, quality and finish to any others, and recommend themselves.

OUR STOCK of spring and summer Bangs, Fringes, Curls, Puffs, etc., is complete.

Specialty in making Bang and Hair Goods to measure and order to suit.

Our stock of ALL LONG HAIR SWITCHES is the largest ever seen in this country, manufactured at our premises of the best imported French convents hair. Very reasonable prices.

Six private ladies' Hair Cutting, Singeing and Shampooing and Hair Coloring Parlors. Ladies' hair dressing for Weddings, Photos, etc. Hair Dyes and Dyed in every color and shade a specialty.

Pure extract pour moucheir, is taint at 1c ounce.

Send for circular and mention this paper.

JEAN TRAUCE-ARMAND & CO.,
Importers, Dealers and Manufacturers of Hair Goods and Perfumery,
441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto.

"UNEQUALLED"

IS THE VERDICT

OF

All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD

DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

SOLD BY

All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

Ladies, Our Three Departments now fully opened. MILLINERY, choice spring stock, new shades. Latest designs in shapes, in great variety. Call and take advantage of our long experience.

DRESS and MANTLE MAKING—Our Art, Fashion, Fit and Finish secured. Place orders early for spring prompt attention.

Headquarters for the "New and Perfect Tailor System." Cutting taught daily in all its branches.

J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge Street

MISS PATON has a beautiful assortment of the latest Paris styles for early spring wear, and is receiving some elegant models for street costumes. Ladies will find a variety to meet every occasion, and good fit and work guaranteed.

Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to call the attention of ladies about to purchase Millinery to her Fine Stock of French and American Bonnets and Hats, &c., in all the leading shapes and colors, which, on inspection, will be found all that can be desired in style, while the prices are those of greatly inferior goods in the so-called cheap stores.

MISS DUFFY

Is also prepared to show all the newest designs in Cloth Capes and Mantles, Lace Goods, Jackets for Boating and Traveling in great variety, which are now being sold at and under cost for the coming month. Those looking for Dresses will do well to see our list of prices, which for style, fit and finish are second to none.

112 YONGE STREET, West Side
Two doors south of Adelaide.

LADIES

ASK FOR

BARBOUR'S

LINEN THREADS

The Best for All Purposes

Sold by All Dealers

McMud McGinty

Who went to the bottom of the sea, said that the water was wet. Had he seen

McPHERSON'S

After the Flood he'd have taken it all back. Shoe Prices have sunk to the bottomless depths.

186 YONGE ST.

George McPherson

25c

CURLINE

Dorenwend's Celebrated Preparation

For Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the Hair.

Give it a trial. For sale by all druggists or by

A. DORENWEND

SOLE MANUFACTURER

105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

FURNITURE WAREROOMS

Notice Our Prices

IN

Antique Bedroom Suites From $12.50 upwards

Dining-Room Suites From $17.50 upwards

Parlor Suites From $27.50 upwards

Carpet cleaning by our new Hygienic method, the best in the city.

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

Telephone 1057 160 Queen St. West

In The Days of the Mutiny:

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XIII.

The doctor had just sat down to dinner when Bathurst came in; the two subalterns were dining with him.

"That's good, Bathurst," the doctor said as he entered. "Boy, put a chair for Mr. Bathurst. I had begun to think that you had deserted me as well as everybody else."

"I was not thinking of dining," Bathurst said as he sat down. "but I will do so with pleasure, though I told my man I should be back in half an hour," and as the servant left the room he added, "I have much to say, doctor, get through dinner as quick as you can and get the servants out of the tent."

The conversation was at once turned by the doctor upon shooting and hunting, and no allusion was made to the mutinous events until coffee was put on the table and the servant retired. The talk which had been lively during dinner then ceased.

"Well, Bathurst," the doctor asked, "I suppose you have something serious to tell me."

"Very serious, doctor," and he repeated the news he had given the major.

"It could not be worse, Bathurst," the doctor said quietly, after the first shock of the news had passed. "You know, I suppose, that any faith in the Sepoys since I saw now this madness was spreading from station to station. This sort of thing is contagious, it becomes a sort of epidemic, and in spite of the assurance of the men I felt sure they would go. But this scoundrel of Bithoor turning against us is more than I bargained for. There is no disguising the fact that it means a general rising through Oude, and in that case God help the women and children. As for us, it all comes in the line of business. What does the major say?"

"The only question that seemed to him to be open was whether the women and children could be got away."

"But there does not seem any possible place for them to go to. One or two might travel down the country in disguise, but that is out of the question for a large party. There is no refuge nearer than Allahabad. With every man's hand against them, it would be the slightest chance of a party making their way down."

"You or I might do it easily enough, doctor, but for women it seems to me out of the question; still, that is a matter for each married man to decide for himself. The prospect is dark enough anyway, but, as before, it seems to me that everything really depends upon the Zemindars. If we hold the court-house it is possible the Sepoys may be beaten off in their first attack, and, in their impatience to join the mutineers, who are all apparently marching for Delhi, they may go off without throwing away their lives by attacking us. For I don't think they would be able to take the place without cannon. But if the Zemindars join them with cannon we may defend ourselves till the last but there can be but one end to it."

The doctor nodded. "That is the situation exactly, Bathurst."

"I am glad we know the danger, and shall be able to face it openly," Wilson said. "For the last month Richards and I have been keeping watch alternately, and it has been hard on funkey work sitting there with one's pistols on the table before one, listening, and knowing every moment there might be a yell and these brown devils come pouring in. At least, now we are likely to have a fight for it, and to know that some of them will go down before we do."

Richards cordially agreed with his companion.

"Well, now, what are the orders, Bathurst?" said the doctor.

"There are no orders as yet, doctor. The major says will you go round to the others, Doolan, Rintoul and Forster and tell them I am to go round to Hunter and the other civilians. Then, this evening we are to meet at nine o'clock, as usual, at the major's. If the others decide that the safest plan is for us to stop here and fight it out there will be no occasion for anything like a council; it will only have to be arranged as we have already to move into the fort and the best means for keeping the news from spreading to the Sepoys. Not that it will make much difference after they have once fairly turned to. If there is one thing a Hindoo hates more than another it is getting from under his blankets when he has once got himself warm at night. Even if they heard at one or two o'clock in the morning that we were moving into the fort I don't think they would turn out until morning."

"No, I am sure they would not," the doctor agreed.

"If there were a few more of us," Richards said, "I should vote for our beginning at once if we were to fall suddenly upon them, we might kill a lot and scare the rest of them off."

"We are too few for that," the doctor said. "Besides, although Bathurst answers for the good faith of the sender of the warning, there has yet been no act of mutiny that would justify our taking such a step as that. It would come to the same thing. We might kill a good many, but in the long run three hundred men would be more than a match for a dozen, and then the women would be at their mercy. Well, we had better be moving, or we shall not have time to get round to the bungalows before the people set out for the major's."

It was a painful mission that Bathurst had to perform, for he had to tell those he called upon that almost certain death awaited them, but the news was everywhere calmly received. The strain had of late been so great that the news that the crisis was at hand was almost welcome. He did not stay long anywhere, but after setting an alternative before them, left husband and wife to discuss whether to try to make down to Allahabad, or to take refuge in the fort.

Soon after nine o'clock all were at Major Hannay's. There was a pale face among them, but no stranger would have supposed that the whole party had just received news which was virtually a death warrant. The ladies talked together as usual, while the men moved in and out of the room, sometimes talking with the major, sometimes sitting down for a few minutes in the veranda outside, or talking in low tones together.

The major moved about among them, and soon learned that all had resolved to stay and meet whatever came together, preferring that to the hardships and unknown dangers of flight.

"I am glad you have all decided so," he said quietly. "In the state the country is in the chances of getting to Allahabad are next to nothing. Here we may hold out till Lawrence restores order at Lucknow, and then he may be able to send a party to bring us in; or the mutineers may draw off and march to Delhi. I certainly think the chances are best here; besides, every rifle we have is of importance, and though if any of you had secretly made up minds to try and escape I should have made no objection, I am glad we shall all stand together here."

The arrangements were then briefly made for the removal to the court-house. All were to go back and apparently to retire to bed as usual. Twelve of the men undertook to go round to call up their servants, load them up with such things as were most required, and proceed with them, the women and children, at once to the court-house. Half the men were to remain there on guard while the others would continue with the servants to make journeys backwards and forwards to the bungalows, bringing in as much as could be carried, the guard to be changed every hour. In the morning the servants were all to have the choice given them of remaining with their masters or leaving.

Captain Forster was the only dissentient. He was in favor of the whole party mounting, placing the women and children in carriages and making their way in a body, fighting their way if necessary, down to Allahabad. He admitted that, in addition to the hundred troopers of his own squadron, they might be cut off by the mutinous cavalry from Cawnpore, fall in with bodies of rebels or be attacked by villagers, but he maintained that there was at least some chance of cutting their way through, while for one shut up in the court-house escape would be well nigh impossible.

"But you all alone agreed to our holding the court-house, Forster," the major said.

"Yes, but then I reckoned upon Cawnpore holding out with the assistance of Nana Sahib, and upon the country remaining quiet. Now the whole thing is changed. I am quite ready to fight in the open, and to take my chance of being killed there, but I protest against being shut up like a rat in a hole."

To the rest, however, the proposal appeared desperate. There would be no withstanding a single charge of the well trained troopers, especially as it would be necessary to guard the vehicles. Had it not been for that, the small body of men might possibly have had their way through the cavalry; but even then they would be so hotly pursued that the most of them would assuredly be hunted down. But encumbered by the women such an enterprise seemed utterly hopeless, and the whole of the others were unanimously against it.

The party broke up very early. The strain of maintaining their ordinary demeanor was too great to be long endured, and the ladies with children were anxious to return home as soon as possible to them lest at the last moment the Sepoys should have made some change in their arrangements. By ten o'clock the whole party had left.

The two subalterns had no preparations to make; they had already sent much of their things in to the hospital, and lighting their pipes they sat down and talked quietly till midnight, then placing their pistols in their belts and wrapping themselves in their cloaks they went into the doctor's tent, which was next to theirs.

The doctor at once roused his servant, who was sleeping in a sheltered tent pitched by the side of his. The man came in looking surprised at being waked so suddenly, "the doctor said, "you have been with me ten years and I believe you to be faithful."

"I would pour down my life for the Sahib," the man said quietly.

"You have heard nothing of any trouble with the Sepoys?"

"No, Sahib, they know that Roshun is faithful to his master."

"We have news that they are going to rise in the morning and kill all Europeans, so we are going to move at once into the hospital."

"Good, Sahib; what will you take with you?"

"My books and papers have all gone in," the doctor said; "that portmanteau may as well go. I will carry these two rifles myself, the ammunition is all there except that bag in the corner, which I will sling around my shoulder."

"What are in those two cases, doctor?" Wilson asked.

"Brandy, lad."

"We may as well carry one of those apiece, doctor, if your boy takes the portmanteau. It would be a pity to leave good liquor to be wasted by those brutes."

"I agree with you, Wilson; besides, the less liquor they get hold of the better for us. Now, if you are all ready we will start, but we must move quietly or the sentry at the quarter guard may hear us."

Ten minutes later they reached the hospital, being the last of the party to arrive there.

"Now, major," the doctor said cheerily, as soon as he entered, "as this place is supposed to be under my special charge I will take command for the present. Wilson and Richards will act as my lieutenants. We have nothing to do outside, and can devote ourselves to getting things a little straight here. The first thing to do is to light lamps in all the lower rooms; then we can see what we are about, and the ladies will be able to give us their help while the men go out with the servants to bring things in, and remember the first thing to do is to bring in the horses. They may be useful to us. There is a good store of forage piled in the corner of the yard, but the syces had best bring in as much more as they can carry. Now, ladies, if you will all bring your bundles inside the house we will set about arranging the things, and at any rate get the children into bed as quickly as possible."

As it had already been settled as to the rooms to be occupied, the ladies and their ayhas set to work at once, and the men went to help, employ them. One of the rooms which had been fitted up with beds had been devoted to the purposes of a nursery, and the children, most of whom were still asleep, were soon settled there. Two other rooms had been fitted up for the use of the ladies, while the men were to occupy two others, the corridors being turned into a general meeting and dining-room.

At first there was not much to do, but as the servants, closely watched by their masters, went backwards and forwards bringing in goods of all kinds, there was plenty of employment in carrying them down to a large underground room, where they were left to be sorted later on.

The doctor had appointed Isobel Hannay and the two Miss Hunters to the work of lighting a fire, and getting boiling water ready, and a plentiful supply of coffee was presently made. Wilson and Richards drawing the water, carrying the heavier loads downstairs, and making themselves generally useful.

Captain Forster had not come in. He had undertaken to remain in his tent in the lines, where he had quietly saddled and unpicketed his horse, tying it up to the tent rope so that he could mount in an instant. He still believed that his own men would stand firm, and declared he would at their head charge the mutinous infantry, while if they joined the mutineers he would ride into the fort. It was agreed that he should bring his word should the Sepoys obtain news of what was going on and rise before morning.

All felt better and more cheerful after having taken some coffee.

"It is difficult to believe, Miss Hannay," Richards said, "that this is all real and not a bad dream or an early start on a hunting expedition."

"It is, indeed, Mr. Richards. I can hardly believe it now when I know it is all true, and have pinched myself two or three times to make sure that I am awake."

"I hope the villains venture to attack us," Wilson said, "I feel sure we shall beat them off handsomely."

"I have no doubt we shall, Mr. Wilson, especially as it will be in daylight. You know you and Mr. Richards are not famous for night shooting."

The young men both laughed.

"We shall never hear the last of that tiger story, Miss Hannay. I can tell you it is no joke shooting when you have been sitting cramped up on a tree for about six hours. We are really both pretty good shots. Of course I don't mean like the doctor, but we always make good scores with the targets. Come, Richards, here is another lot of things; if they go on at this rate the Sepoys won't find much to loot in the bungalows to-morrow."

Just as daylight was breaking the servants were all called together and given the choice of staying or leaving. Only some eight or ten, all of whom belonged to the neighborhood, chose to go off to their villages. The rest declared they would stay with their masters.

Two of the party by turns had been on watch all night on the terrace to listen for any sound of tumult in the lines, but all had gone on quietly. Bathurst had been working with the others all night, and after seeing that all his papers were carried to the court house, he had troubled but little about his own belongings, but had assisted the others in bringing in their goods.

At daylight the major and his officers mounted and rode quietly down towards the parade ground. Bathurst and Mr. Hunter, with several of the servants, took their places at the gates in readiness to open and close them quickly, while the doctor and the other Europeans went up to the roof, where they loaded and placed in readiness six guns each, from the store in the court-house. Isobel Hannay and the wives of the two captains were too anxious to remain below, and went up to the roof also. The doctor took his place by them, examining the lines with a field glass.

The officers halted when they reached the parade ground, and sat on their horses in a group, waiting for the men to turn out as usual.

"There goes the assembly," the doctor said, as the notes of the bugle came to their ears. "They even are turning out of their tents. There, I can make out Forster, he has just mounted, a plucky fellow that."

Instead of straggling out on to the parade ground as usual, the Sepoys seemed to hange about their tents. The cavalry mounted and formed up in their lines. Suddenly a gun was fired, and as if at the signal the whole of the infantry rushed forward towards the officers, yelling and firing; and the latter at once turned their horses and rode towards the court-house.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," the doctor said to Isobel. "I don't suppose anyone is hit. The Sepoys are not shots at the best of times, and firing running they would be lucky if they hit a hay-stack at a hundred yards. The cavalry stand firm you see," he said, turning his glass in that direction. "Forster is haranguing them. There, three of the native officers are riding up to him. Ah! One has fired at him! Missed! Ah! That is a better shot," as the man fell from his horse, from a shot from his captain's pistol.

The other two rushed at him. One he cut down and the other sped off. Then we saw a man, shouting and waving his sword to the men, but their yells could be heard as they rushed forward at him.

"Ride, man, ride," the doctor shouted, although his voice could not have been heard at a quarter of the distance.

But instead of turning Forster rode right at them. There was a confused *melee* for a moment, and then his figure appeared beyond the fort, through which he had broken. With yells of fury the troopers reined in their horses and tried to turn them, but before they could do so the officer was upon them again. His sword never cracked in his left hand, and his sword flashed in his right. Two or three horses and men were seen to roll over, and in a moment he was through them again and riding at full speed for the court-house, under a scattered fire from the infantry, while the horsemen, now in a confused mass, galloped behind him.

"Now then," the doctor shouted, picking up his rifle, "let them know we are within range, but mind you don't hit Forster. Fire two or three shots and then run to the gate. He is well mounted and has a good five yards' start of them."

Then taking deliberate aim he fired. The others followed his example. Three of the troopers dropped from their horses. Three times those on the terrace fired, and three went down, each at the doctor's order, taking two guns with him. One of these was placed in the hands of each of the officers who had just ridden in, and they then gathered round the gate. In two minutes Forster rode in at full speed, then fifteen muskets flashed out and several of the pursuers fell from their saddles. A minute later the gate was closed and barred, and the men all ran up to the roof from which their muskets were fired simultaneously.

"Well done," the doctor exclaimed. "That is a good beginning.

A minute later a brisk fire was opened from the terrace upon the cavalry, who at once turned and rode rapidly back to their lines.

Captain Forster had not come scathless through the fray; his helmet had been laid open by a sabre cut and a musket ball had gone through the fleshy part of his arm as he rode back.

"This comes of fighting when there is no occasion," the doctor growled, when he dressed his wounds. "Here you are charging a host like a paladin of old, forgetful that we need every man who can lift an arm in defence of this place."

"I think, doctor, there is someone else wants your services more than I do."

"Yes! Is anyone else hit?"

"No, I don't know that anyone else is hit, doctor, but as I turned to come into the house after the gates were shut, there was that fellow Bathurst leaning against the wall as white as a sheet and shaking all over like a leaf. He should say a strong dose of Dutch courage would be the best medicine there."

"You do not do justice to Bathurst, Captain Forster," the doctor said gravely. "He is a man I esteem most highly. In some respects he is the bravest man I know, but he is constitutionally unable to stand noise, and the sound of a gun is torture to him. It is an unfortunate idiosyncracy for which he is in no way accountable."

"Exceedingly unfortunate, I should say," Forster said, with a dry laugh. "Especially at times like this. It is rather unlucky for him that fighting is generally accompanied by noise. If I had such an idiosyncracy, as you call it, I would blow out my brains."

"Perhaps Bathurst would do so, too, Captain Forster, if he had not more brains to blow out than some people have."

"That is sharp, doctor," Forster laughed, good-temperedly. "I don't mind a fair hit."

"Well, I must go," the doctor said somewhat mollified; "there is plenty to do, and I must see after these fellows have held a council of war they will be trying an attack."

When the doctor went out he found the whole of the garrison busy. The major had placed four men on the roof and had ordered everyone else to fill the bags that had been prepared for this purpose with earth from the garden. It was only an order to the men and male servants, but the ladies had all gone out to render their assistance. As fast as the natives filled the bags with earth the ladies sewed up the mouths of the bags and the men carried them away and piled them against the gate.

The garrison consisted of the six military officers, the doctor, seven civilians, two women, eight children, thirty-eight male servants and six females. The work, therefore, went on rapidly, and in the course of two hours so large a pile of bags was built up against the gate that there was no probability whatever of its being forced.

"Now," the major said, "we want four dozen bags at least for the parapet of the terrace. We need not raise it all, but we must build up a breast work two bags high at each of the angles."

There was only just time to accomplish this when one of the watch on the roof reported that the Sepoys were firing the bungalows. As soon as they saw that the Europeans had gained the shelter of the court house the Sepoys, with yells of exultation, had made for the homes of the Europeans, and their disappointment at finding that not only had all the whites taken refuge in the court-house, but that they had removed most of their property, vented itself in setting fire to the buildings, after stripping them of everything, and then they amused themselves by keeping up a straggling fire against the court-house.

As soon as the bags were taken on to the roof, the defenders, keeping under the shelter of the two parapets, carried them to the corners of the terrace, and piled them two deep on the parapet, these forming a breastwork four feet high. Eight of the best shots were then chosen, and two of them took post at each corner.

"Now," the doctor said cheerfully, as he sat behind a small loop hole that had been left between the bags, "it is our turn, and I don't think we shall waste as much lead as you have been doing."

The fire from the defenders was slow, but it was deadly, and in a very short time the Sepoys no longer dared to show themselves in the open, but took refuge behind trees, whence they endeavored to reply to the fire on the roof, but even this proved so dangerous that it was not long before the fire ceased altogether, and they drew off under cover of the smoke from the burning bungalows.

Isobel Hannay had met Bathurst as he was carrying a sack of earth to the roof.

"I have been waiting to speak to you, Mr. Bathurst, ever since yesterday evening, but you have never given me an opportunity. Will you step into the store room for a few minutes as you come down?"

As he came down he went to the door of the room in which Isobel was standing awaiting him.

"I am not coming in, Miss Hannay. I believe I know what you are going to say. I saw it in your face last night when I had to tell that tiger story. You want to say that you are sorry you said that you despised cowards. Do not say it; you were perfectly right; you cannot despise one tenth as much as I despise myself. While you were looking at the mutineers from the roof I was leaning against the wall back there shaking like a leaf. What do you think my feelings must be that here, where every man is brave, where there are women and children to be defended, I alone cannot bear my part. I do not possess, I know there is not a vestige of color in it; look at my hands, they are not steady yet. It is useless many we shall have to fight, but you cannot but despise me. Believe me, that death when it comes will be to me a happy release indeed from this shame and misery."

Then, turning, he left the girl without another word, and went about his work. The doctor had just before going up to take his place on the roof, come across him.

"Come in here, my dear Bathurst," he said, seizing his arm and dragging him into the room which had been given up to him for his drugs and surgical appliances, "let me give you a strong dose of ammonia and ginger; you want a pick-me-up I can see by your face."

"I want it, doctor, but I will not take it," Bathurst said. "That is one thing I have made up my mind to. I will take no spirits to create a courage that I do not possess."

"It is not courage; it has nothing to do with courage," the doctor said angrily. "It is a simple question of nerves and I have told you over and over and over again."

"Call it what you like, doctor, the result is precisely the same. I do not mind taking a dose of quinine if you will give it to me, for I feel as weak as a child, but no spirits."

With an impatient shrug of the shoulders the doctor mixed a strong dose of quinine and gave it to him.

An hour later a sudden outburst of musketry took place. Not a native showed himself on the side of the house facing the maidan, but from the gardens on the other three sides a heavy fire was opened.

"Every man to the roof," the major said; "four men to each of the rear corners, three to the others. Do you think you are fit to fire, Forster? Had you not better keep quiet for to-day? You will have opportunities enough."

"I am all right, major," he said carelessly. "I can use my rifle through a loop hole and fire, though I have one arm in the sling. By Jove!" he broke off suddenly, "look at that fellow Bathurst, he looks like a ghost."

The roll of musketry was unabated, and the defenders were already beginning to answer it, the bullets sang thickly overhead, and above the din could be heard the shouts of the natives. Bathurst's face was rigid and ghastly pale. The major hurried to him.

"My dear Bathurst," he said, "I think you had better go below. You will find plenty of work to do there."

"My work is here," Bathurst said, as if speaking to himself. "It must be done."

The major could not at the moment pay further attention to him, for a roar of fire broke out round the court-house from the ruined bungalows and every bush as the Sepoys, who had crept up, now commenced the attack in earnest. Bullets rattled from behind the parapet replied slowly and steadily, aiming at the puffs of smoke as they darted out. From attention was suddenly called by a shout from the doctor.

"Are you mad, Bathurst? Lie down, man, you are throwing away your life."

Turning round the major saw Bathurst standing upright in the parapet, facing the point where the enemy's fire was hottest. He held a rifle in his hand, but did not attempt to fire; his figure swayed slightly to and fro.

"Lie down," the major shouted. "Lie down, sir," and then as Bathurst still stood unmoved he was about to rush forward when the doctor from one side and Captain Forster from the other rushed towards Bathurst through a storm of bullets, seized him in their arms and dragged him back to the center of the terrace.

"Nobly done, gentlemen," the major said as they laid Bathurst down, "it was almost miraculous your not being hit."

Bathurst had struggled fiercely for the moment, and then his resistance had suddenly ceased and he had been dragged back like a wooden figure. His eyes were closed now.

"Has he been hit, doctor?" the major asked.

"It seems impossible he can have escaped. What madness possessed him to put himself there as a target?"

"No, I don't think he is hit," the doctor said as he examined him. "I think he has fainted. We had better carry him down to my room. Shake hands, Forster; I know you and Bathurst were not good friends, and you risked your life to save him."

"I did not think who it was," Forster said with a careless laugh. "I saw a man behaving like a madman and naturally went to pull him down. However, I shall think better of him in the future, though I doubt whether he was in his right senses."

"He wanted to be killed," the doctor said

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.

The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.

JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; J. Horsley, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Haller, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

A SMOOTH FACE

Sold by all Reliable Druggists AGENTS WANTED

The Berlin Chemical Co. - Berlin, Ont.

LADIES

VAN-DAL-INE

NO { ARSENIC IRRITATION EMOLLIENT BUNBUG

Is better (sometimes) than a hairy one, and especially so in the case of the only remedy that really destroys the hair follicle.

Perfectly Harmless Wonderfully Effective

Price 50 Cents

DON'T WORRY ABOUT The Washing

TRY SUNLIGHT SOAP

It will save you much trouble
It will bring you comfort and ease
It will save your clothes and hands
It does not require washing powders
It will wash in either hard or soft water
It cannot injure the most delicate skin or fabric
Its purity and excellence have given it the largest sale in the world

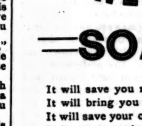
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS THERE IS ONLY ONE Sunlight Soap

WORKS: PT. SUNLIGHT NEAR BIRKENHEAD LEVER BROS., LIMITED TORONTO

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste

FOR CLEANING THE TEETH

TO STAND



Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, chronic liver troubles, dizziness, bad water, pimples, dizziness, offensive breath, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. One tablet gives immediate relief. Price 25 cents at most stores. Sold by Druggists, or trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents. RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO. CHARKE CHARCHE TORONTO.

TEA MERCHANTS

63 1-2 King St. West. Telephone 1807

AGENCIES 489 Parliament Street 453 1-2 Yonge Street 278 College Street PRINCIPAL 1463 Queen Street West

THE TEETH BRIGHT

TEA BERRY

quietly, "and the effort that he made to place himself in the way of death must have been greater than either you or I can well understand, Forster. I know the circumstances of his case. Morally I believe there is no braver man living than he is; physically he has the constitution of a timid woman; it is mind against body."

"The distinction is too fine for me, doctor," Forster said, as he turned to go off to his post by the parapet. "I understand pluck and I understand cowardice, but this mysterious mixture you speak of is beyond me altogether."

The major and Dr. Wade lifted Bathurst and carried him below. Mrs. Hunter, who had been appointed chief nurse, met them.

"Is he badly wounded, doctor?"

"No; he is not wounded at all, Mrs. Hunter. He stood up at the edge of the parapet and exposed himself so rashly to the Sepoys' fire that we had to drag him away, and then the reaction, acting on a nervous temperament, was too much for him, and he fainted. We shall soon bring him round. You can come in with me, but keep the others away."

The major at once returned to the terrace.

In spite of the restoratives the doctor poured through his lips and cold water dashed in his face, Bathurst was some time before he opened his eyes. Seeing Mrs. Hunter and the doctor beside him, he made an effort to rise.

"You must lie still, Bathurst," the doctor said, pressing his hand on his shoulder. "You have done a very foolish thing, a very wrong thing. You have tried to throw away your life."

"No, I did not. I had no thought of throwing away my life," Bathurst said after a pause, "I was trying to make myself stand fire. I did not think whether I should be hit or not. I am not afraid of bullets, doctor; it's the horrible, fiendish noise that I cannot stand."

"I know, my boy," the doctor said kindly, "but it comes to the same thing. You did put yourself in the way of bullets when your doing so was of no possible advantage, and it is almost a miracle that you escaped unhurt. You must remain here quiet for the present. I shall leave you in charge of Mrs. Hunter. There is nothing for you to do on the roof at present. This attack is a mere outbreak of rage on the part of the Sepoys that we have all escaped them. They know well enough they can't take this house by merely firing away at the roof. When they attack in earnest it will be quite time for you to take part in the affair again. Now, Mrs. Hunter, my orders are absolutely that he is not to be allowed to get up."

On the doctor leaving the room he found several of the ladies outside; the news that Mr. Bathurst had been carried down had spread among them.

"Is he badly hurt, doctor?"

"No, ladies, Mr. Bathurst is, unfortunately for himself, an extremely nervous man, and the noise of fire-arms have an effect upon him that he cannot by any effort of his own overcome. In order, as he says, to try and accustom himself to it he went and stood at the edge of the parapet in full sight of the Sepoys and let them blaze away at him. He must have been killed if Forster and I had not dragged him away by main force. Then came the natural reaction and he fainted. That is all there is about it. Poor fellow, he is extremely sensitive on the ground of personal courage. In other respects I have known him to do things requiring an amount of pluck that not one man in a hundred possesses, and I wish you all to remember that his nervousness at the effect of the noise of fire-arms is a purely constitutional weakness, for which he is in no way to blame. He has just risked his life in the most reckless manner, in order to overcome what he considers, and what he knows the world generally considers, is cowardice, and it would be as cruel and, I may say, as contemptible to despise him for a constitutional failing as it would be to despise a person for being born a hunchback or a cripple. But I cannot stand talking any longer. I shall be more useful on the roof than I am here."

Isobel Hannay was not among those who had gathered near the door of the room in which Bathurst was lying, but the doctor had raised his voice and she heard what he said, and bent over her work of sewing strips of linen together for bandages with a paler face than had been caused by the outbreak of musketry.

Gradually the firing ceased, the Sepoys had suffered heavily from the steady fire of the invisible defenders, and gradually drew off, and in an hour from the commencement of the attack all was silent round the building.

"So far so good, ladies," the major said cheerily, as the garrison, leaving one man on watch, descended from the roof. "We have had no casualties, and I think we must have inflicted a good many, and the mutineers are not likely to try that game on again, for they must see that they are wasting ammunition, and are not likely to frighten us. Now I hope the servants have got tiffin ready for us, for I am sure we have all excellent appetites."

"Tiffin is quite ready, major," Mrs. Doolan said, who had been appointed chief of the commissariat department, said cheerfully. "The servants were a little disorganized when the firing began, but they soon became accustomed to it, and I think you will find everything in order in the hall."

The meal was really a cheerful one, the fact that the first attack had passed over without anyone being hit raised the spirits of the women, and all were disposed to look at matters in a cheerful light. The two young subalterns were in high spirits, and the ladies were more lively than they had been since the first outbreak of the mutiny. All had felt severely the strain of waiting, and the reality of danger was a positive relief after the continuous suspense. It was much to them to know that the crisis had come at last, that they were still all together, and the foe were without.

"It is difficult to believe," Mrs. Doolan said, "that it was only yesterday evening we were all gathered at the major's. It seems an age since then."

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Rintoul agreed; "the night seemed endless. The worst time was the waiting till we were to begin to move over. After that I did not so much mind, though it seemed more like a week than a night while the things were being brought in here."

"I think the worst time was while we were waiting watching from the roof to see whether the tops would come out on parade as usual," Isobel said. "When once uncle and the others were all in, and Captain Forster, and the gates were shut, it seemed that our anxieties were over."

"That was a mad charge of yours, Forster," the major said. "It was like the Balaclava business, magnificent, but it wasn't war."

"I did not think of it one way or the other," Captain Forster laughed. "I was so furious at the insolence of those dogs attacking me that I thought of nothing else, and just went at them; but of course it was foolish."

"I did good," the doctor said. "It showed the Sepoys how little we thought of them and how a single white officer was ready to match himself against a squadron. It will render them a good deal more careful in their attack than they otherwise would have been. It brought them under our fire, too, and they suffered pretty heavily, and I am sure the infantry must have lost a good many men from our fire just now. I hope they will come to the conclusion that the best thing they can do is to march away to Delhi and leave us severely alone. Now what are your orders, major, for after breakfast?"

"I think the best thing is for everyone to lie down for a few hours," the major said. "No one had a wink of sleep last night, and most of us have not slept much for some nights past. We must always keep two men on the roof to be relieved every two hours. I will draw up a regular rota for duty, but except those two the rest had better take good sleep. We may be all called upon to be under arms at night."

"I will go on the first relief, major," the doctor said. "I feel particularly wide awake. It is nothing new to me to be up all night. Put Bathurst down with me," he said, in a low tone, as the major rose from the table. "He knows that I understand him, and it will be less painful for him to be with me than with anyone else. I will go up at once, and send young Harpur down to his breakfast. There will be no occasion to have Bathurst up this time. The Sepoys are not likely to be trying any pranks at present. No doubt they have gone back to their lines to get a meal."

The doctor had not been long at his post when Isobel Hannay came up on to the terrace. They had seen each other alone comparatively little of late, as the doctor had given up his habit of dropping in for a chat in the morning since their conversation about Bathurst.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" he asked. "This is no place for you, for there are a few fellows still lurking among the trees, and they send a shot over the house occasionally."

"I came up to say that I am sorry, doctor."

"That is right, Isobel. Always say you are sorry when you are so, although in nine cases out of ten, and this is one of them, the saying so is too late to do much good."

"I think you are rather hard upon me, doctor. I know you were speaking at me to-day when you were talking to the others, especially in what you said at the end."

"Perhaps I was, but I think you quite deserved it."

"Yes, I know I did, but it was hard to tell me it was as contemptible to despise a man for a physical weakness he could not help as to despise one for being born hump-backed or a cripple, when you know that my brother was so."

"I wanted you to feel that your conduct had been contemptible, Isobel, and I put it in the way that was most likely to come home to you. I have been disappointed in you. I thought you were more sensible than the run of young women, and I found out that you were not. I thought you had some confidence in my judgment, but it turned out that you had not. If Bathurst had been killed when he was standing up, a target for the Sepoys, I should have held you morally responsible for his death."

"You would have shared the responsibility, anyhow, doctor, for it was you who repeated my words to him."

"I will not go over that ground again," said the doctor quietly. "I gave you my reasons for doing so, and those reasons are by my mind convincing. Now I will tell you how this constitutional nervousness on his part arose. He told me the story, but as at that time there had been no occasion for him to show whether he was brave or otherwise, I considered my lips sealed. Now that this weakness has been exhibited, I consider myself more than justified in explaining its origin." And he then repeated the story Bathurst had told him.

"You see," he said when he had finished, "it is a constitutional matter beyond his control, it is a sort of antipathy. I have known a case of a woman courageous in all other respects, who at the sight of even a dead cockroach would faint dead away; one of the most gallant officers of my acquaintance would turn pale at the sight of a spider. Certainly no one would have thought of calling either one or the other cowards, and certainly such a name would not be applied to a man who would face a tiger armed only with a whip in defence of a native woman, because his nerves go all to pieces at the sound of fire-arms.

"If you had told me all this before I should never have spoken as I did," Isobel pleaded.

"I did not go into the full details, but I told you that he was not responsible for his want of firmness under fire, and that I knew him in other respects to be a brave man," the doctor said uncompromisingly. "Since then you have by your manner driven him away from you. You have flirted, well, you may not call it flirting," he broke off in answer to a gesture of denial, "but it was the same thing, with a man who is undoubtedly a gallant soldier—a very paladin if you like—but who in spite of his handsome face and pleasant manner is no more to be compared with Bathurst in point of moral qualities or mental ability than light to darkness, and this after I had like an old fool gone out of my way to warn you. You have disappointed me altogether, Isobel Hannay."

Isobel stood motionless before him, with downcast eyes.

"Well, there, my dear," the doctor went on hurriedly, as he saw a tear glisten in her eyes, adding, "don't let us say anything more about it. In the first place it is no affair of mine, and in the second place, your point of view was that most women would take at a time like this, only you know, I expected you would not have done just as other women would. We cannot afford to quarrel now, for there is no doubt that although we may put a good face on the matter, our position is one of grave peril, and it is of no use troubling over trifles. Now run away and get a few hours' sleep if you can. You will want all your strength before we are through with this business."

While the doctor had been talking to Isobel the men had gathered below in a sort of informal council, the subject being Bathurst's conduct on the roof.

"I would not have believed it if I had not seen it," Captain Rintoul said. "The man was absolutely helpless with fright. I never saw such an exhibition; and then his fainting afterwards and having to be carried away was disgusting, in fact, it is worse than that." There was a general murmur of assent.

"It is disgraceful," one of the civilians said, "I am ashamed that the man should belong to our service; the idea of a fellow being helpless by fright when there are women and children to be defended; it is downright revolting."

"Well, he did go and stick himself up in front," Wilson said, "you should remember that. He may have been in a blue funk. I don't say he wasn't; still, you know, he didn't go away and try to hide himself, but he stuck himself up in front for them to fire at. I think we ought to take that into consideration."

"Dr. Wade says Bathurst put himself there to try and accustom himself to fire," Captain Forster said, "mind, I don't pretend to like the man, we were at school together, and he was a coward then and a sneak, but for all that one should look at it fairly. The doctor asserts that Bathurst is morally brave, but that somehow or other his nerves are too much for him. I don't pretend to understand it myself, but there is no doubt about the doctor's pluck, and I don't think he would stand up for Bathurst as he does unless he really thought he was not altogether accountable for shoving the white feather. I think, too, from what he let drop, that the major is to some extent of the same opinion. What do you think, Doolan?"

"I like Bathurst," Captain Doolan said. "I have always thought him a first-rate fellow, but one can't stick up, you know, for a fellow who can't behave as a gentleman ought to, especially when there are women and children in danger."

"It is quite impossible that we should associate him," Captain Rintoul said. "I don't propose that we should tell him what we think of him, but I think we ought to leave him severely alone."

"I should say that he ought to be sent to Coventry," Richards said.

"I should not put it in that way," Mr. Hunter said gravely. "I have always esteemed Bathurst. I look upon it as a terribly sad case, but I agree with Captain Rintoul that in the position in which we are now placed, a man who proves himself to be a coward must be made to feel that he stands apart from us. I should not call it sending him to Coventry, or anything of that sort, but I do think that we should express by our manner that we don't wish to have any communication with him."

There was a general expression of assent to this opinion, Wilson alone protesting against it.

"You can do as you like," he said, "but certainly I shall speak to Bathurst, and I am sure the doctor and Miss Hannay will do so. I don't want to stand up for a coward, but I believe what the doctor says. I have seen a good deal of Bathurst, and I like him; besides, haven't you heard the story the doctor has been telling about his attacking a tiger with a stick to save a native woman? I don't care what anyone says, a fellow who is a downright coward couldn't do a thing like that."

"Who told the doctor about it?" Farquar-son asked. "If he got it from Bathurst I don't think it goes for much after what we have seen."

Wilson would have replied angrily, but Captain Doolan put his hand on his shoulder.

"Shut up, Wilson," he said, "this is no time for disputes; we are all in one boat here and must row together like brothers. You go your own way about Bathurst, I don't blame you for it; he is a man everyone has liked, a first-rate officer and good fellow all round, except he is not one of the sociable kind. At any other time one would not think so much of this, but at present for a man to lack courage is for him to lack everything. I hope he will come better out of it than it looks at present. He will have plenty of chances here, and no one will be more glad than I shall be to see him pull himself together."

The doctor, however, would have quarrelled with everyone all round when he heard what had been decided upon had not Major Hannay taken him aside and talked to him strongly.

"It will never do, doctor, to have quarrels here, and as commandant I must beg of you not to make this a personal matter. I am very sorry for this poor fellow, I accord entirely your view of the matter, but at the same time I really can't blame the others for looking at it from a matter-of-fact point of view. Want of courage is at all times regarded by men as the most unpardonable of failings, and at a time like the present this feeling is naturally far stronger even than usual. I hope, with you, that Bathurst will retrieve himself yet; we shall certainly do him no good by trying to fight his battle until he does. You and I thinking as we do, will of course make no alteration in our manner towards him. I am glad to hear that young Wilson also stands as his friend. Let matters go on quietly. I believe they will come right in the end."

But among the ladies the resolution to cut Bathurst was not so quietly acquiesced in. Bathurst's kindness to the children had always predisposed the mothers in his favor, and during the hours of anxiety they had come more than before to look upon him as a friend. They were perfectly ready to accept the doctor's theory, and the manner in which Bathurst had exposed himself to fire in their eyes greatly condoned his want of nerve. Mrs. Doolan and Mrs. Rintoul were his chief companions, and the husbands of these ladies had at a critical time of it when they told them what had been decided on.

"I gave you credit for more sense, Jem," Mrs. Doolan said indignantly, "and if you think that I am going to agree with you men you are very much mistaken. You are ready to associate with a man like Forster, who is a notorious scamp, and you set yourself up against Bathurst, who is worth a thousand of him. I am ashamed of you."

Isobel Hannay had turned pale when she heard the news but had said nothing.

(To be Continued.)

As The Ditch Approached Completion.

Casey—Are youse on this wor-rk?
Raffins—I is.
Casey—Oi've a mind t' fill up pfwhat Oi'm after diggin' as a pinance fer th' sin o' me bein' an th' sem job wid yez.

No Credit Marks Counted.

He was a young lawyer, and he was employed on a salary by a corporation to look after a certain portion of its legal business. He was held to be a bright young fellow and remarkably good at discovering new points of law, with the accompanying authorities, that made him master of a situation.

But he was nearly always in trouble. He would lose a case occasionally, and the corporation would make it interesting for him.

"He wins nine out of ten cases he tries," said one of his friends, "and his victories are generally of some account. They're well worth winning. But somehow he doesn't seem to get along as well or stand as high with his employers as young Wilcox, who never won a case, except, perhaps, by accident."

"Quite right," was the reply. "But Wilcox never loses a case either. He's just strong enough to make a jury disagree."

"But an occasional victory would be better than—"

"O, no; not with the average corporation. Victories are never counted, but defeats are. Successes are overlooked, but errors carefully recorded. The man who just barely keeps up with the race is better off than the man who leads it most of the time. That's why Wilcox has so little trouble."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Little One's View

"Mamma," said little May, "I'm afraid I'm naughty, because I've got an awful stomach-ache."

"It was the pie you ate, I think, May."

"Oh, no, mamma. The pie was too good to behave like that. It must be me."

He—It was just about here that I used to kiss Hetty Morris. She—Well, I suppose you will do something of the sort now by force of habit!

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
FOR SUNSTROKE.
It relieves the prostration and nervous derangement.

Question of Finance.

Hobbs—I suppose you will pass the summer with your *fiancee* at the seashore, won't you

Dobbs—I shall if I can marry her at the end of the first week.

The Pleasure of It.
"We have pleasure in saying," writes Mr. H. I. McIntosh, secretary and treasurer of the Universal Knitting Machine Co., Toronto, Ont., "a good number for St. Jacobs Oil. Our employes use it extensively and report it an invaluable cure for pains, bruises, etc. Cases have been reported to us where it has worked like a charm. There's nothing like it." Everybody says so.

Power in a Sheet of Paper.
It has been computed, as an illustration of the cheapening of ocean freights, that a half note sheet will develop sufficient power, when burned in connection with the triple expansion engine, to carry a ton a mile in an Atlantic steamer.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for a bad liver.

Ether Drinking in Russia.

Russia has become infected with the vice of ether drinking, and the pernicious habit has spread so rapidly that the government has judged it necessary to prohibit the free sale of ether and of certain of its compounds, and to schedule it among the poisons.

Very Important.
"Indigenous Bitters" really contain nothing dangerous or hurtful, no metallic salt or mineral medicine, in fact nothing which could injure the constitution by too long use or excessive use. It is a purely vegetable preparation, so that too strong a dose, though it may act more powerfully than that given in the direction, yet no matter how large the quantity which may be taken no dangerous results will follow.

A Dangerous Rival.

He (fortune hunter)—Have I a rival, then! She (great heiress)—Yes. A crank with a dynamite bomb proposed to me on the avenue yesterday, and I haven't given him my answer yet.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."
BEECHAM'S PILLS
(Tasteless—Effectual.)
FOR ALL
BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS,
Such as Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, and Female Ailments.
Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.
Wholesale Agts. Evans & Sons, Ld., Montreal.
For sale by all druggists.

WHAT
is the best Cure for any wasting disease like La Grippe? Undoubtedly the only sure remedy known is
PEPTONIZED
ALE AND BEEF
That sensible combination of Pepsin, Beef and Ext. Malt.
PRICE 25 CENTS
At All Drug Stores

For Spring and Summer.
DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE
NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!
Delightfully Refreshing.
BY ALL CHEMISTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE VALUE OF
AYER'S Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is recognized in the fact that hundreds of so-called blood-purifiers are constantly appearing in the market. That these preparations are NOT so good as AYER'S is well-known to the profession. Ayer's is now and always has been the Superior Medicine for the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood. Its record of wonderful cures, during the past 50 years, is a guarantee that it cures others and will cure you.
The Superior Blood Medicine
"Leading physicians in this city prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have sold it for eighteen years, and have the highest regard for its healing qualities."—A. L. Almond, M. D., Druggist, Liberty, Va.
"Ayer's remedies in this part of the State enjoy an unrivalled reputation, and although I am not in the habit of recommending proprietary medicines for indiscriminate use, yet I cannot hesitate to look favorably on such reliable standard preparations as Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. These are really superior preparations."—O. A. Stimpson, M. D. C. M., Thompson, Pa.
"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of scrofula. Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."—Wm. C. Adams, Dewesoro, Neb.
"I recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to my customers in preference to any other. Physicians are using it in their practice."—C. H. Lovell, Druggist, 250 Main st., Dallas, Texas.
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Has cured others, will cure you

Strength, smoothness, and elasticity are the three essentials of a perfect sewing silk. You will find all of these combined in
Corticelli
It has no equal for either hand or machine use
On sale by leading dealers the continent over

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Ltd.), Prop'rs.

VOL. VI] TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1892. [NO. 31

The Proper Caper.

HORSEBACK riding is now quite the proper pastime. It always has been proper enough on the part of ladies as well as gentlemen, but its delights only appealed to a restricted few until this summer. Commencing in Toronto a couple of years ago, the equestrian fever has spread until it has now assumed the proportions of a provincial epidemic and cases of it are reported from nearly every town between Windsor and Ottawa. A livery stable man in a town of any size finds it imperative that he shall now have two or three saddle horses of handsome appearance and docile mood, always ready to canter out when the young men may happen to call upon him for a mount. In this city each evening one may see young fellows from seventeen upwards careening gently down some shady avenue, seated upon any variety of horse from the thoroughbred with blood-red nostrils to the coay, general-purpose beast just released from the shafts of a milk wagon. The latter, though somewhat deficient in scenic effect, is the favorite choice of novice beginners. It must be said, however, that accidents are extremely rare when one considers the number of young men who have become reckless horsemen in a day.

Horseback riding is a manly pastime undoubtedly, and therefore a healthy one. Doctors recommend it as the most effectual means of bringing a gratified blush to the cheek of a pouty and unreasonable liver. It is also beneficial to the other organs, and tones a person up all round, not the least important consideration being its exhilarating effect upon the spirits and temper of the man who pursues the exercise. Our grandfathers were in the saddle half their time when the country was newer, but our fathers yielded to the seductive indolence of carriages, buggies and carts, only taking to the saddle when leading a society parade through the streets. Fifteen or twenty years ago most farmers possessed a saddle, but these have been worn out and never replaced, so that the farm boy of to-day although perhaps an expert a bare-back rider as any wild Indian is unfamiliar with the pig-skin and somewhat prejudiced against it. That such is the condition everywhere is shown by the cavalry recruits in England and the United States, who have to be taught horsemanship and not, knowing nothing of it and being unable to hold their seats should the horse put the simplest kind of a frill upon its gait.

Historians tell us that carriages were first introduced in England about the year 1380 and were only used for the conveyance of sick people. It was made a crime under the common law of England for an able bodied man to be found riding, except on horseback, and for the effeminacy of reclining in a carriage several lazy tradesmen and corpulent knights were fined and imprisoned previous to the year 1400. About this time it would appear that the doctors began to prescribe carriages for their wealthy patients, until it seemed doubtful if an able-bodied man would remain within the kingdom in ten years, so the statute was allowed to become inoperative. Still the nobility and gentry of the old school sneered at and ridiculed carriage riding as unworthy of a man of mettle. Gradual has been the change, yet so complete that nowadays one pauses on the road to note a horseman and generally finds it is a boy riding to a neighboring farmhouse to borrow a phaeton. Men no longer travel in the saddle, and the habit of spending an hour in it for pastime has been nearly forgotten of late. Bicycles have crowded horses off the roadway, but these are now so common that one who desires to be out of step with the multitude must return to the old-fashioned saddle-horse. Possessing a good mount of horse-flesh one has not the bicyclist's dread of new inventions in the nature of pneumatic tires and hand brakes which, when they come into use for six months, will leave his steed to be scoffed at as an amusing relic of semi-barbarous civilization. Being able to fall off a horse or a bicycle with equal facility, and regarding the riding of either as utterly beyond me I cannot be suspected of personal preferences in speaking eulogistically of horseback riding, yet I am glad the taste is spreading, for it will develop courage, health and good nature wherever it spreads. Viewing it as an animal, the bicycle must be pronounced admirable, because of its inability to kick or bite anyone who absent-mindedly patted on the back when conversing with its rider. The economy of space, too, in the construction of its chest and the narrowness of its twinkling legs; the absence of crop, stomach or eating apparatus whatsoever makes it an animal that would be unexpected of an earlier evolution than that of the nineteenth century.

But whatever it is or may in time become, it cannot permanently displace the saddle horse, although the latter must hereafter always remain a fashion and never again become a necessity or even a convenience.

The Late J. G. Holmes.

In the death of John G. Holmes law and politics in Ontario lost a most promising young man. The sensational nature of his death has added to the widespread feeling of regret at his untimely end, and no man of his brief years has ever died in Ontario leaving behind such a vacancy and occasioning such an amount of sad interest. He was essentially a worker and a fighter. It is said of him that it was his rule in law practice to win every case that was entrusted to his hands, however scant the pay or however insuperable might seem the obstacles confronting him. He would work night and day and seemed to delight in the very difficulties encountered by him. The more difficult, perhaps and no decision of the court was final. He was a hard hitter, never giving nor receiving quarter, yet he would step down from the political stump where he had been administering and dodging tremendous blows, and smilingly shake hands with any opponent who had crossed furies with him.

He was admired by a multitude in Toronto, and when a mass of men got together in any public place and his tall form was caught sight of there immediately ensued an uproar which would not quell until he addressed a few words at least to them. Such demonstrations were naturally gratifying to a young man with a taste for public life. In the last Provincial general elections he contested South Huron in the Conservative interests and reduced Bishop's majority from seven hundred to two hundred and fifty. It was a distinct achievement. In Masonry he was enthusiastic, and he was also a prominent Orangeman. The funeral on Monday brought out a crowd of several thousand people, mostly workingmen and young men who admired him as a lawyer and a politician and with sorrow gave a last evidence of their esteem for him.

Grand Juries.

Judge Dartnell of Ontario county said the other day that grand juries simply burlesque justice, and as though to give prompt illustration to his remark a rather ridiculous episode occurred the other day. Justice Falconbridge could not afford to waste valuable time in such an unimportant affair as waiting for the findings of the grand jury, so he instructed that body of true men to report to Justice Street when they were ready. The prosecuting attorney, insufficiently realizing the dignity of a time-honored institution, advised that it was unnecessary for the entire jury to attend Justice Street—that the foreman alone need present himself and hand up the findings. The foreman, who happened to belong to the family of Smith, presented himself in due form, but when Justice Street looked upon him and asked the whereabouts of his brethren he trembled like unto the trembling of Cain. He was informed that such sacrilegious diminution of the grand jury could not be tolerated and the rank and file must accompany their chief in all decorum. If this spirit of profane modernism is not suppressed we will have one of these juries telephoning its decisions to the caretaker of Osgoode Hall some day, and that caretaker is as liable as any other man to be deaf. Justice Street rightly insists upon the whole stilted ceremony if any of it is retained. Mr. Smith was therefore required to withdraw and send scouts to the factories, offices and stores wherein his erudite companions pursue daily occupations not altogether judicial in nature, summoning them to come and assist in handing up the sheet of foolscap on which their judgment was spelled. They should be made to wear wigs and queues hereafter. The craftiest enemy of grand juries is he who defends their details—not their queues alone but all the hereditary ceremonies associated with such bodies—for if they were remodeled they would last, but unmolested they must soon pass away. The enquiries sent out by the Minister of Justice two years ago elicited replies from nearly every judge in the Dominion and opinions for and against the grand jury were about evenly divided. This means that in time the institution is doomed, for it is not long since the fashion was universal to regard it as an anointed body not to be sneezed at.

The County Lines.

Many people will hold that D'Alton McCarthy has not got the right end of the tangled skein in making a sweeping claim that county lines should not be departed from in redistributing the constituencies. Imaginary lines have too often confused law-givers in their commercial and other policies, and in future should not be allowed to do so where it can be avoided. Of course he proposes something that is a ready release from present inequalities but it contains abundant opportunities, when once adopted, for the exercise of new sorts of injustice. People look around over a gerrymandered country and see chunks of three different counties after great contortion bound into one constituency; they see a partizan purpose in it all and pronounce it scandalous that county lines should be departed from. But county lines may be departed from without approaching unfairness if a gerrymandered country may be gerrymandered and misused as badly as it is now without once overstepping a county line in the whole Dominion. Take a county of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, too large for one constituency and not large enough for two. If the Government desired to gerrymander the country it would simply inquire into the leanings of such counties, and those that were reported friendly would be given two members and those that were reported unfriendly would only be allowed one member. In Ontario we are entitled to a certain number of representatives, determined by the census, so that it would be impossible to give two members to all counties which largely exceed the unit yet fail in doubling it. Many would have a big unrepresented population, and experience tells us that these would likely be constituencies unfriendly to the dominant party. The idea of a gerrymander is to get the largest possible number of parliamentary followers from a given number of electors. To the successful operation of this thrifty idea the county lines would constitute no obstacle.

In fact, if it were ordained that the county lines should be adhered to it would outlaw justice as well as the worst forms of iniquity. While not having all the bad realities of the present system it would also lose all its good possibilities. The ideal condition is one in which every citizen will have a vote that will count when the sense of the country is sought; a condition in which he, along with the other residents of a district, numbering as near as may be the unit of population allotted to the province, may endorse or condemn the Government by electing a supporter or an opponent. Such a condition is impossible if county lines are adhered to, because a population of sixteen thousand in one county would elect a representative while thirty-five thousand elsewhere would have only the same representation. The only way to do is to give redistribution into unpartizan hands with instructions to consider only population and the convenience thereof, without the slightest reference to county lines or present boundaries. If old names should in such a process lose their significance, then let the electoral districts be numbered and leave the counties in undisturbed possession of their names. Mr. McCarthy's proposal looks to me as though it were a new entrenchment he had prepared in a place skilfully chosen in case the Government should be driven from the untenable advantage it now holds. If he is not doing his party this sly service, why does he not go the whole length and demand that Parliament relinquish a power which he says it has abused?

All this desk-pounding and talk about the gerrymander amounts to less than nothing, and its only effect will be to increase the cost of the current session of the House. Ten years ago, when there was a real gerrymander, when the real iniquity was perpetrated, there was much louder talk and more vigorous desk-pounding, and yet the people grew accustomed to the hives and to the ridings "marked out by a flash of forked lightning." It will not take long to get accustomed to the present redistribution, for its chief crime is a negative one. It did not repeal the hundred unjust provisions of the last act. At the worst Premier Abbott is only a fence and not a burglar. He receives power stolen by the gerrymander of '82, but he does not steal power of his own act. Perhaps he is too busy as a receiver to bother on his own accord; perhaps he is reluctant to attempt improvement lest he disarrange the splendid mechanism constructed by a master hand. MACK.

Oh, Woman!

He bought her flowers all winter long,
At prices that were steep;
But now she does not care for them
Because they are so cheap.

Etching: The Evening of a Life.

SOMEONE was singing, and a sweet, girlish voice floated through the open window and drifted across the dust-covered road, trembling the flaky petals of the wild rose, and then dying away across the scented meadow now growing dark and damp in the gathering night. It was a plaintive song from Lucia, and the echoes seemed to dwell in the perfumed air with clinging sadness, as though the Spirit of Sorrow ruled there.

Over the piano bent a sweet-faced girl, her dainty fingers rippling over the keys, and the liquid notes rolling out upon the night, while the sympathetic cry of the whip-poor-will mingled with them and made strange and unearthly melody.

Along the quiet country road came a tattered Somebody, a man on whose brow sat the marks of despair and disaster. Creeping slowly like a weary spirit groping its way along the borders of its narrow confine, he came, and as the spirit of song hovered over him he crept near the window where the yellow lamp-light streamed out upon the beds of summer flowers, and then all the old recollections came upon him. Through the open window he could see the face of her he loved and for whose sake he had become a wanderer. Just a year ago she came into his father's family—an orphan cousin—and her rejection of his ardent suit had sent him away, to rush madly into the dissipations of the great metropolis; and now he had come back to look upon her face once more, her sweet girlish face that had haunted him for months and months in the maddening whirl of gaiety.

His father was there too, and his gray-haired mother, but they must not see the Tramp who lingers beneath their window.

The shadows grew thicker upon the fields and meadows, the hum and murmur of countless insects filled the air, and the low moan of the wind crept up from the marsh, where the twinkling stars were reflected in the scum, stagnant water, and where the lonely night bird chanted its dreary song.

The piano had ceased and they were singing their evening hymn:

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide."

Low and sweet the voices sounded, and the listener outside bowed his head until the last note had stolen through the quiet air and melted away in rapturous tremblings.

Long after, he crouched there; and then as the old farm house became wrapped in gloom he went to the garden seat where he had so often sat with her. His hand slipped into his breast and produced a bright and glistening Something, which he gazed long upon. It seemed to have a fearful fascination for him. The starlight gleamed upon it, and as he tried the lock and turned the cylinder that worked so smoothly a smile stole over his face and ended in a convulsive and hideous grin, while an ashen hue settled in the sunken cheeks. The eventide of his life had fallen, and the blackness of despair had given place to an eternity of darkness and mystery.

BERT KELLY.

Art and Artists.

COLLECTED into a group or scattered about at short intervals of space, the members of the Ontario Society of Artists would make as animated a subject for a picture as could be found anywhere. The diffrent styles of feminine and masculine beauty, blonde and brunette, muscular and *spirituelle;* the inward genius evidenced by an outward appearance either tragic or attractively meek but never commonplace; leonine locks or scarce any locks at all—these things would add a variety and make every figure in such a picture a separate study. This idea was suggested to me by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Matthews entertained the members of the society at Wychwood Park, Davenport road, on Friday last. Had I been present I would have given the public a pen picture of these painters. It would have been a piece of retributive justice. The afternoon was spent in sketching and in pleasant social intercourse, and at the close an artistic dinner was set before the guests. It was a happy reunion, for which the members express themselves as grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Matthews.

*

A Public School Art League has been founded in Boston, with Mr. Henry Sandham as president, and John Lyman Faxon as secretary. The object of the league is to supply the public schools so that from their earliest school days the future generation of citizens shall be surrounded by objects of the fine arts. The idea seems to be a most excellent one and worthy of imitation in the schools of other cities.

*

William Voegtlein, the scenic artist whose name is so intimately connected with all the great spectacular productions of the last twenty-five years, died in Boston last week. Voegtlein had been a scene painter for more than forty years, and painted the original scene for The Black Crook. He was born in Switzerland, and came to this country nearly a half century ago.

*

Miss Miner of Madison and Miss Mears of Oshkosh have received commissions for statues in the World's Fair, typifying the progress and culture of the women of Wisconsin. C. F. Browne and G. L. Schreiber in the autumn will decorate one of the rooms in the Illinois State Building at Jackson Park, Chicago. The former will make some studies for this purpose on Cape Ann, Mass., and the latter will soon visit Iowa, and along the Mississippi will make sketches for his portions of the decoration; the result in their hands cannot but be something worthy of notice. Edward C. Potter, the well known sculptor, is assisting Mr. D. C. French in his work upon the great figure Republic, which will rise from its pedestal in the basin at Jackson Park. C. T. Zsolnay and Emil H. Wuertz, sculptors, have recently reached Chicago; the latter is assisting Carl Bitter, who has the commission for the groups upon the Administration Building of the Columbian Exposition. Frank D. Millet, Charles C. Coleman and W. L. Dodge, artists of reputation in New York, have repaired to Chicago to do work for which they have commissions upon World's Fair buildings.

*

Frederick Remington writing to the New York *Sun* on models and posing, commences with these shrewd generalities: "The extreme use or disuse of models accounts for more artistic failures than any other one thing. A youth aflame with the glory of harvested truth comes rudely to find that his artistic demigods do not build their marvels from out of their inner soul, but employ a young man or woman who does a fair impersonation for $3 a day. He observes that draperies do fold and that the divine form is obtrusively material, that passions can be played ever so easily, and that humor lies in an enlargement of the extremities. Now that he holds the secret, all may run smooth. His genius burns and his enthusiasm is in a perpetual glow, yet his guide and philosopher, who is called in to become rapturous over the last canvas, will continue to look away from the picture to the figures on the wall paper and to be uncasing in his effort to turn the subject from the matter in hand. His enthusiasm burns down to a white ashes until only the little flame of despair is left, but that blazes into determination, and that quality may burn the town. He now goes back to his model and becomes vastly impressed with a variety of facts, among which are that his model will not make his picture nor can his picture be made without his model, and lastly the model costs $3 a day. He finds that he cannot put a Sioux head on the Greek antique, because the world knows better, if he does not; he discovers that he cannot stand soldiers up in a row, because they are better out of it; that a worthy young woman in the nude is not an angel after he has added the wings; his model is always stiff in attitude and his costumes never fit the model, and the model can't readily be either a Grand Dame of the Louis XIV. period or a fishwoman, because she is neither; and yet if he does not have the model he finds himself lost in the possibilities of how a sleeve can wrinkle. Altogether the struggle of the young artist and his model is grave and gay by turns. He knows that the very pinnacle has been reached by men who would not have a model in their studio, and he knows that immortal fame has crowned the efforts of men who could not paint a shoe buckle without the still life posed before them. He does not want to be always painting Miss Chris or Annette and be calling her Dawn or Circe, nor does he want to establish a clever system of hieroglyphics to which he hopes the public will become accustomed. If he desires to be sensible and well-to-do, he will engage old gentlemen and young ladies to do his posing and persuade them to pay him $500 or $1,000 for the distinction of being immortalized by him. If he insists on doing anything else, I can only give him one piece of advice, and that is never to take any."

VAN.

Our domestic affections are the most salutary basis of all good government.—*Disraeli.*

To June.

For Saturday Night.

The summer sun is shining;
The birds are saying, "sweet,"
The dandelion is blooming
In clusters at thy feet;
The maple-trees are teasing
Their branches to thy sight,
And thou dost croon and babble
In infantile delight.
I hear thy baby laughter,
Mid sun and flowers at play;
Thou art too young for weeping
Above the bier of May.

I watch thy budding beauty,
Thy young moons rise and swell,
And glow in pride above thee,
With rapture none may tell.
I feel thy midnight breezes
Play softly in my hair;
And bless thee as I wander
Among thy flow'rets fair.
Thy scented breath at even
My spirit doth beguile,
Oh, I could live forever,
Fair June, upon thy smile!

Like the immortal Mendelssohn
And his unspoken words,
I hear at early morning,
Thy wondrous choir of birds.
They've waked me from my slumbers,
Ere yet the morn began;
Of all thy glorious company,
The robin leads the van.
For months, 'twill linger with me;
That rich, contralto tone,
And bring me back thy melody,
Oh June, my loved, mine own.

To me thou art a glory
Most ravishingly fair,
Too swiftly art thou shedding
Thy life upon the air.
Thou fillest me with rapture,
Thy beauty I adore,
My soul is filled with longing
To keep thee evermore.
Thou art unto my being
An ecstasy atone,
I breathe into my life-blood
Thy balmy air, O June!

Thy days are gliding from me,
Thy nights are waning fast;
Too soon with thee be numbered
With months that fill the past.
I hear the mournful sighing
Of the night-wind o'er thy head;
Too soon with thee be lying
Beside the early dead.
Thy days on earth are numbered,
And when thy course is run
Then'll yield thy young green verdure
To July's torrid sun.

Then'll go and I will miss thee,
Ah! none can tell how sore,
I may not drink thy beauty
Again, forever more.
Again I may not bless thee,
The day that thou art born,
I know not where I'll wander
Thy resurrection morn.
The tears I've mingled with thee
My spirit's sadness proved,
I've watched thee beauty dying,
O June, my best beloved.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE (Car le Sima.

Tell Me.

For Saturday Night.

Tell me, away in the years to come,
Will days be just as bright?
Will roses burst in the same warm sun
But to die in the shade of night?
Will the tiny, star-like violets
Still seem to breathe of light?
Will the purple buds peep out and smile
With tear-stained weary eyes?

Tell me, will dreams of old steal back
And whisper to the flowers
Of a life as fleet as a fairy dream
In a vale of sylvan bowers?
Will faces of old peep out of the mists
And smile through the long, dark, years
Will a mantle of sorrow still cover my life?
Will time wipe away these tears?

Tell me, will pain be just as keen?
Will Heaven send sweet relief?
Will anguish that runs like fire through the brain
Calm down to torpid grief?
Will the heart rebel as in olden days?
Will it cease each vain regret?
And that lesson, God knows how hard to teach,
Will it learn that lesson—Forget?

ESTHER TALBOT KAY.

The Visions.

For Saturday Night.

Death'd, death'd and driven everywhere
By waves of sorrow, strife and care;
Lone, lone and shelterless we sit, until only the little
flame of despair is left, but that blazes into determination, and that quality may burn the town. He now goes back to his model and becomes vastly impressed with a variety of facts, among which are that his model will not make his picture nor can his picture be made without his model, and lastly the model costs $3 a day. He finds that he cannot put a Sioux head on the Greek antique, because the world knows better, if he does not; he discovers that he cannot stand soldiers up in a row, because they are better out of it; that a worthy young woman in the nude is not an angel after he has added the wings; his model is always stiff in attitude and his costumes never fit the model, and the model can't readily be either a Grand Dame of the Louis XIV. period or a fish-woman, because she is neither; and yet if he does not have the model he finds himself lost in the possibilities of how a sleeve can wrinkle. Altogether the struggle of the young artist and his model is grave and gay by turns. He knows that the very pinnacle has been reached by men who would not have a model in their studio, and he knows that immortal fame has crowned the efforts of men who could not paint a shoe buckle without the still life posed before them. He does not want to be always painting Miss Chris or Annette and be calling her Dawn or Circe, nor does he want to establish a clever system of hieroglyphics to which he hopes the public will become accustomed. If he desires to be sensible and well-to-do, he will engage old gentlemen and young ladies to do his posing and persuade them to pay him $500 or $1,000 for the distinction of being immortalized by him. If he insists on doing anything else, I can only give him one piece of advice, and that is never to take any."

VAN.

Our domestic affections are the most salutary basis of all good government.—*Disraeli.*

The Little College Girl.

For Saturday Night.

How doth the little college girl
Improve each shining hour,
By making teachers' heads to whirl,
And manly faces glower!

Of equal arcs and equal chords,
She learneth quite a store,
And still from Euclid's apple hordes
The teacher teacheth more.

At Algebra and 'rithmetic
She peggeth hard away,
Alas! she finds how much she knows
Examination day!

O'er Latin, French and Chemistry,
Chaucer and Avon's child,
She studies and she ponders much,
Until she's fairly wild.

So if you see a female gaunt
Rush by with streaming curl,
Just playing sigh, with brimming eye,
"There goes a college girl."

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

Toronto, June '92.

Between You and Me.

I SEE that in this topsy-turvy century of ours the milliners report another case of fashionable aberration. They say that latterly a great many bonnets are bought and selected by men. I once heard a good story on this subject, or rather I once knew the folk concerned, and the story happened under my own eyes, as it were. A rather giddy benedict, who had rather a shaky record on certain points, went one day into a milliner's shop and asked to see some fashionable hats. His wife had been in shortly before and had looked over the stock, departing without purchasing, as, truth to tell, her lord and master kept her rather short of pocket money, and even the plainest of these pretty bonnets was beyond her means. The smiling milliner, with ready perception, said to herself, "This dear good husband wishes to surprise his pretty wife," and proceeded to aid him in selecting a perfect love of a bonnet, exactly suited to the little woman just gone away, and caught him a perfect love of a price for it. Knowing the address the milliner remarked merely, "It shall go at once, sir!" and my lord absent-mindedly paid the bill and took himself off. When he got home to dinner a radiant little woman in a thirty dollar bonnet met him with kisses and thanks. His jaw fell, but he said nothing. What good would it have done? Only, the next time he buys a bonnet that is not intended for his wife he will go where he is not known!

*

I remember, in the days of my very small childhood (haven't I a good long memory?), that some evil spirit moved my grave and learned male parent, during his visit to a fashionable city, to buy a bonnet for my female parent and to bravely announce his feat on his return. A look of wondering dismay spread over the face of mamma, but she is not easily daunted. I stood by gravely while the large box was opened and the tissue paper taken off. Till my dying day I shall see that bonnet! It was in the two-story-sky-scraper-and-attic dormer-window-style, of black straw or silk, with orange ribbons, quilled and looped and perked and twined with Satanic color and ingenuity. Mamma silently regarded it, then without a word slowly laid it down. "Does it *fit?*" inquired the grave and learned. (Ye Gods! and it *was a bonnet!)* I remember nothing more, but with the courage of her sex, I presume the little woman wore it, anyway I see as bad or worse ones every day on King street.

*

I believe very much in being in time. Not all women do. In fact, I have wasted many precious hours of my life and uttered many uncharitable words, and gotten into a great many angry tempers through my punctuality. Now, that I am sometimes short of time, I cannot afford always to be punctual and consequently don't often have to wait. Talking of being in time reminds me of the need of starting in early with all kinds of work, and especially with the training of children. Very small boys and girls are big enough to be trained, for they are capable of being very naughty and a good deal of an infliction. I have in my mind's eye two little brothers who spend a good deal of their leisure in devilry, stoning passing horses, knocking the points off fence palings, shouting insulting remarks after the luckless passers-by, two thorough little toughs whom the neighbors long to smack with a consuming longing, but whom I sincerely pity, while setting my longing one generation back.

Are you interested in autograph letters, or rather in handwriting? Do you instinctively size up the truth, and constancy, and prudence, and love of your friends when you come across a bit of their chirography? I do, as the funny Tar remarks in the funny Tar and Tartar, "for reasons best known to myself." Therefore, I had a great treat one evening lately in being permitted to examine a score or more of letters from famous French people, and in trying to verify or readjust my previous opinions of them. It was curious to read the little friendly words of poor démented Guy de Maupassant, the quaintly formed Greek-looking letters of clever Francois Coppee, the short quick strokes of M. Constant, the erratic scrawl of the *premiere danseuse* at the lovely Grand Opera in Paris. Statesmen of severe minds, artists of light and fire, jolly and serene bishops, careless and impossible actresses, they jostled one another out of the French lady's dainty portfolio, and I was happily absorbed by them in turn till the night grew so late that I was almost afraid to ride home alone in the dark, and take a scolding from Mr. Gay when I got there.

*

Do you know the man who presumes? That man to whom you must present closed lips and cold eyes, and with whom you don't care to shake hands; who will be cheeky, if you are frank and pleasant, and who will store up your merry words and repeat them when and where they sound very unlike themselves. He who knows all about women and girls, who has their measure, as he supercilliously remarks; he who sees a girl what time she comes down town of a morning, and who meets her with, "Thought you'd be round about now," when she has forgotten his existence; he who talks rather loudly in the smoking-room, and is fond of mentioning the names of fashionable society women familiarly and their husbands condescendingly; he who sometimes walks abroad even on our immaculate highways, do you know him, and, if you do, do you set him down as he deserves? LADY GAY.

Jules Verne thus describes his manner of writing his romances: "I am now at my seventy-fourth novel, and I hope to write as many more before I lay down my pen for the last time. I write two novels every year, and have done so regularly for the last thirty seven years. I do so much every morning, never missing a day, and get through my yearly task with the greatest ease. I am very severe on myself, and in writing I correct and correct. I don't believe in dashing off work, and I don't believe that work that is dashed off is ever worth very much." He works in the morning and passes the afternoon in amusements or healthy exercise. He spends four or five evenings a week at the theater or club, and is a steady reader of all that appears relating to scientific news, natural history, discoveries or explorations.

Individualities.

Carmen Sylva says that since her husband took the throne of Roumania he has raised the artillery from one battery to seven hundred pieces of cannon, and carried the estimates up from seven millions of dollars to thirty millions of dollars. He has also "a magnificent palace furnished in carved wood, instead of a house looking like a barn."

The Queen of Italy, once one of the most beautiful girls in the kingdom, is now one of its handsomest women. She is bright and witty in conversation, and learned, with a leaning toward blue-stockingism, but without pedantry. She is universally admired and loved by her subjects, and the attachment King Humbert has for her is a rare example of conjugal devotion in a royal household.

Abraham Lincoln, like any ordinary man, wrote love letters to Miss Mary Todd, the young woman to whom he was married at Springfield, Ill., in 1842. The messenger employed in this sentimental correspondence was Mrs. Epair Smith, a colored woman, who has just died in Chicago, at the age of eighty years. Mrs. Smith was formerly a slave in the family of General Edwards, one of the early governors of Illinois.

The Princess of Wales and her sister, the Czarina of Russia, were taught by their royal mother, the Queen of Denmark, to always practice the most rigid economy, and they were often seen as girls making their own dresses and doing housework. The Princess of Wales has in turn brought up her daughters in great simplicity, dressing them in the simplest materials, and discouraging all extravagance and display.

Mr. Gladstone's range of reading is astonishingly extensive. An order for twenty volumes, which he recently commissioned a London bookseller to send him, embraced books on Irish affairs, the Waldenses, and the mode of settling parishes in Scotland; lives of Aretin and Lord Bacon; a volume of Eton verse, and other volumes on solar physics, myths, political economy, religion, and the England of Elizabeth's time.

Francesco Lamperti, the once famous Italian singing master, who died a few weeks ago, was the son of a prima donna of some excellence. Having studied at the Milan Conservatory, Lamperti went to Lodi and organized an opera company among the peasantry there, in order to test some theories of his own regarding voice culture. So successful was the result of the training he gave them that his fame spread far and wide. Pupils flocked to him, and, in 1850, he was induced to return to Milan as vocal chief of the conservatory. There he remained until 1876, when he retired on a pension, but still taking private pupils, some hundreds of whom came from the United States.

It is interesting to know that Dr. George F. Root, whose Rally Round the Flag, and Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching, have hardly been surpassed in popularity as war songs, was at one time so distrustful of his talent that he published his first melody under an assumed name. That song was the once famous Hazel Dell, and the composer signed it with the name of Woerzel, the German for root. Dr. Root is now a well preserved old man in very prosperous circumstances, for his songs still bring him remunerative royalties. His Rally Round the Flag was written a day or two after Lincoln's second call for troops. It leaped into immediate favor, and within a month was on the lips of every Northern soldier.

It is more than probable that America will soon be honored by a visit from the most famous music teacher of this or any other age. This woman is the Marquise de Castrone, but known to all the world as Madame Marchese. She has been importuned many times to journey to America, and although she was offered not only a pleasant greeting from old friends but an opportunity to make a great deal of money as well, she has heretofore steadfastly refused to consider the proposition. Just what the object of her visit is no one knows. It may be that she comes with the idea of closing arrangements for the publication of a book of personal reminiscences upon which she has been engaged for many years. But be that as it may, she is sure of a most cordial greeting from scores of old pupils and friends.

Henry Labouchere, the London editor and member of parliament, was at one time attached to the British legation at Washington, and a number of characteristic stories of his eccentricities are still current at the capital. One relates that during a brief trip to New York he was mistaken for a celebrated Irish patriot by some Irish-Americans who met him in a saloon on a side street off Broadway. He encouraged the delusion to the extent of eating a dinner given in his honor by the friends of the cause, and finally gave them the slip without revealing his identity. Mr. Labouchere is now sixty-one years old. He is one of the keenest and clearest-headed men in the House of Commons, his cynicism and his airy way of dealing with public questions veiling a profound acquaintance with men and measures in politics.

Romeo Cristani, the great Italian sculptor, has been called upon to repair the nose of the beautiful statue of Paul Veronese, which adorns one of the principal squares of Verona and which was broken some months ago by some young ruffians. Cristani declined to obey the instructions of the city fathers, upon the ground that it was beneath his dignity as a great sculptor to do patchwork. He would, however, at the small cost of a thousand lire, chisel a new head for the work of art, which the council did not feel inclined to pay. Another sculptor was called upon, and a contract made with him to repair Paul's broken nose. Signor Cristani, upon hearing this news, was a very angry man, and declared that he would break the nose of any man who dared to touch the statue that has made him famous. Many inhabitants of the city uphold him, and declare that they will assist him in preventing the desecration of the statue. In the meantime the nose of Paul Veronese remains broken, and promises to play an important part in the local history of Verona for some time to come.

Old Jean Paul's Fortune.

JEAN PAUL sat on a bench on the Dufferin Terrace, overlooking the harbor of Quebec. In the stream below lay ships of every flag and sail, black-hulked men-of-war, with bolystoned decks and brasses that shone like gold, clumsy red-chimneyed Liverpool steamers, graceful yachts gay with flags and bunting, and light river craft of every description. The last rays of the setting sun shone upon thousands of tinned roofs, that rose one above the other from the water's edge, climbing upwards in a splendor of argent light to the Citadel, above which the red flag of St. George flapped and fell in the soft evening breeze. He was waiting for his son Batiste, who had gone with half a dozen other *habitant* farmers to the old tavern of the Chien d'or, there to sit chatting, smoking, and drinking the sour, vinegarish wine until it was time for the suburban train to start.

Jean Paul never accompanied them in these convivial gatherings, though in his youth he too had been wont to resort there with his friends when the market was over, but that was years ago, and of that group he was now the solitary survivor.

"Old people are a kill joy," said Batiste, and knowing his son's sentiments on the subject he was always careful to take himself out of the way.

Many people turned to look curiously at the quaint old figure as he sat there dressed in the garb of half a century ago, with his thick, snow-white hair, brown weather-beaten face, and clear blue eyes that watched with absent spirit, which looks yet does not see, the glittering panorama below. Two people who had passed and repassed several times, at last halted before him and the old man, raising his eyes, saw a pretty fair-haired girl charmingly dressed, and a young fellow a few years older.

"Pardon Monsieur," said the girl in a soft voice that seemed to employ the foreign tongue rather diffidently, "but we thought, my husband and I, that perhaps you might be able to tell us some places of interest that the guide books do not give. "Mais oui, Madame," said the old man brightening perceptibly, and looking up with pleased surprise at the young faces above him. "Who better? for I am ninety-six years old, and know almost every stone of Quebec."

The girl looked at him wonderingly. "Almost a century old, Ronald," she said, turning to the lad beside her, "a great deal more than twice our combined ages. He might almost have seen Wolfe, might not he?"

"Not by a good many years, if my historical knowledge holds good," returns Ronald laughing, "but I have no doubt you could induce him to say that he had known Jacques Cartier and Champlain."

Though understanding hardly a word of English the old man seemed to comprehend in some way that his word was mistrusted, for he drew himself up proudly. "Non Madame," he said, standing very straight, pointing with kindling eyes to the column that commemorates the French hero Montcalm. "But my father was standing beside the great general when he breathed his last, saying, "At last I shall not live to see Quebec surrender." Immediately after, with instinctive courtesy he points to the spot where rests the gallant Wolfe, saying simply, "There also was a hero." Then he showed them the Hotel Dieu, wherein is preserved a precious relic, the skull of Pere Brebeuf, one of the early Jesuit martyrs who perished for the conversion of the race; the marshy meadows memorable for the struggles of the Recollet fathers in the early days of New France, and the old stonehouse where the Duke of Kent spent some of his beaux jours. "But you must not fail to see the old inn of the Chien d'or, where two French officers quarreled so bitterly that one wrote an inscription over the house, vowing revenge."

"I remember it," said the little bride delightedly; "the old woman who sells choke cherries and gingerbread has her stall directly in front of it."

The translation runs something like this, "I am a dog gnawing a bone, in gnawing I take my rest, the time shall come, that has not come, when I shall bite those who now bite me."

"Awfully senseless rubbish it seems to me," comments Ronald critically. "Anyone would know it was written by a Frenchman. Why in the world if they wanted to fight didn't they do it instead of pasting up a lot of stupid threats, that I wager a crown never came to anything."

"You are so matter-of-fact, Ronny dear," says the girl, laughing, "historical legends get no credence from you. But now," lowering her voice and turning a little aside, "I want you to do something for me."

"My dearest child," he returns, laughing, to the whispered communication. "If you want to enrich every *habitant* we come across do so, only I hope you intend to leave enough to pay our hotel bills and a few other of the necessities of life," handing over his pocket book as he speaks with the air of a martyr.

"I am sure he is very poor," she says pleadingly, "and so old, and we are so young and happy, and I would like to think that our wedding journey made some hard lot brighter. What I am going to take we will really never miss, except perhaps a few luxuries that we could get as well do without, so I may give it, may'n I?"

"To the half of my kingdom," he returns with a fond little laugh.

And the girl takes from the purse ten broad gold pieces and lays them in the old man's hand, saying softly, "When you go to the little chapel on the hill you told me about, sometimes remember Ronny and me in your prayers."

"Bien sur, Madame, bien sur," replied the old man gazing in stupefied wonder at the glittering coins in his wrinkled hand, and watching them with the same dazed surprise as they went across the Plains of Abraham hand in hand, like children. For a time the magnitude of his good fortune appalled him. Were these some of the minor saints of whom Pere Gayot sometimes spoke, who watched from the high golden battlements of heaven to seek out those in need of assistance? Then a sudden pang shot through his heart. If that were so, why had they not come sooner with their munificence before his poor old Margot, worn out by a long life of poverty and hardship, had folded her toil-worn hands together and lain down to rest in the little churchyard on the hillside, from which the old cure told him she would some day rise again all white and glistening! But that did not comfort him much; it was his old wife Margot whom he wanted, in her white mob cap and neat blue gown, and the kind, patient face that had never once looked harshly upon him in all the fifty years they had lived together, for he felt that between him and the beautiful angel there would be always a great gulf fixed.

But happier thouahts came to him; the gold would clear the mortgage on Batiste's farm, that came due at Noel, and remove the cloud from his son's brow; neither would he have to work so hard. And perhaps then the *belle fille* would be more disposed to look kindly upon himself. For he knew she regarded him now only in the light of an extra mouth to be filled, sometimes even saying that were it not for the expense of his keeping Batiste might hire some strong fellow to assist him on the farm. She was not really at heart a cruel woman, but poverty is terribly hardening.

When Batiste came he showed him the gold pieces, and told him of the strangers who had given them, but what they were designed for he did not say, for that was to be a surprise.

And Batiste looked blankly at the gold, with a sudden hard feeling of envy. "They must have been terribly rich," he said covetously, "to be able to throw away money like that."

"Je pense que oui," said the old man, smiling, "et ils etaient deux jeunes amoureux."

At the farm his position remained unchanged. He still rose early in the morning and watered and fed the cattle, resting in his hours of leisure on the old oak bench in front of the house, basking in the sunshine, for the summer was over and the autumn days were growing short and chill.

But it was at night he felt the cold most in the stable where he slept, for the house was very small; the frosty night air rushed through many a crack and fissure in the ill-built walls, and the thin blanket and coverlet upon the straw bed proved very insufficient to keep him warm; but the idea of complaining never entered his mind.

One morning he awakened nearly frozen, his head felt dull and heavy, and a strange stupefied feeling oppressed him. Startled by his pinched blue face, his daughter-in-law warmed some wine, stirring in a great spoonful of spice, and gave it to him. The draught seemed to put new life into him, and filled with fresh vigor he started for the chapel, for it was Sunday, where he sang in his high shrill tones:

Je met ma confiance
Vierge en votre secours
Servez moi de defense
Pres vous en mes jours.

He was always glad when they sang that hymn, for it gave him a sense of comfort and protection, and somehow reminded him of Margot, when she used to sit spinning and singing under the apple trees, with little Batiste in the cradle beside her.

Noel was very near now. How pleased Batiste would be when he found the gold wrapped up in a little packet beside his plate, enough to pay off the last cent of mortgage and leave the farm clear to him and his children forever.

Then he leaned back against the pillar at the end of the pew, and watched the great candles burning on the altar and heard the old cure exhorting the people to prepare themselves for advent, as faithfully as though upon the day of his nativity, the Lord Christ were himself coming to summon home the souls of his faithful servants.

And surely enough, when the Christmas bells were ringing and the waits were going around from farm to farm singing,

"O Jesu fili virginis, miserere nobis,"

to another stable, cold and rude and bare, came the heavenly messenger and summoned old Jean Paul, and when he heard the call he answered very gladly. And Batiste received his gift after all on Christmas morning, for tightly clasped in the toil-worn hand he found a packet on which was written, "*Pour mon cher fils.*" H. E. D.

Daudet says that his advice to young people who come to him for his opinion as to the advisability of giving themselves up altogether to letters always is: "Stick to your profession, and if you have it in you to write anything really good, you will always find time to do it."

A Misdirected Genius.

Mr. Roggers—Who's that, you young rascal?
Silas (who has been doing some charcoal work)—P Premier Abbott, pop.
Mr. Roggers—By Moses! it's great, boy. I'll have to send you down t' Toronto an' git you on a paper.

'Varsity Chat.

NOW that the holiday season is upon us and the boys have scattered to their homes all over the country, is the opportunity for them to combine a summer's recreation and relaxation with some wholesome, healthful exercise. Not but what healthy recreation in itself is beneficial, though it belongs to the passive form of exercise. To those who have it not born in them, the energy necessary to impel a man to a regular course of necessary physical exercise can be acquired about as easily as a good bargain may be made with a Jew. The form of exercise with most of the boys, or at least those of them near a navigable body of water, will, of course, be rowing or sailing. Sailing, which presents peculiar attractions to lovers of water pastimes, ranks in the same class of passive sports that driving does. Both are healthy though their benefits are mostly in the way of a respiratory character and appeal more particularly to the quiet, sociable or indolent man. Rowing, while it may have drawbacks as a form of exercise in the eyes of some of the great authorities on physical exercise, which, however, are not generally admitted, has advantages peculiarly its own. Exercise that is only sustained by mental effort soon loses its interest and the individual gradually ceases the effort. Rowing with its open air freedom cannot be undertaken without a certain considerable amount of work being involved which one is bound to take with its attendant benefits if one sets out at all. With the constantly changing scene and freshness of air one is apt to forget or at any rate to cease to look upon the exercise as an effort.

*

Many of our boys go across the line, and as they go by choice we wish them all success. We hope that they will always maintain the honor of their native country and speak well of us. The Canadian Club of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., was organized in January, 1892. Its objects, as defined in the constitution of the club, are to promote intercourse and good fellowship amongst its members by frequent meetings, at which may be discussed subjects of an educational or scientific nature, which are of public interest or of common interest to the members of the club; to spread information among the colleges and universities of Canada respecting the opportunities afforded by Clark University for post-graduate study and scientific investigation; to trace the progress of the individuals who may from year to year be members of the club; to establish friendly relations with similar organizations in other universities. During the year communications containing friendly greetings have been received from sister organizations at Harvard, Cornell, and Johns Hopkins Universities. The following were the members of the club: Messrs. Ernest Nicholson Brown, Alexander Francis Chamberlain, Alfred Tennyson DeLury, Alexander Fraser, Thos. Proctor Hall, Thos. Franklin Holgate, James Edward LeRossignol, Frank Rattray Lillie, John McGowan, James Playfair McMurrich, George Frederick Metzler, William Henry Metzler. The officers for the year are: Mr. A. F. Chamberlain, Ph.D., Toronto, president; Mr. W. H. Metzler, B.A., Ontario; Mr. J. E. LeRossignol, Ph.D., Quebec; Mr. Ernest N. Brown, B.A., Nova Scotia, vice-presidents; Mr. Thomas F. Holgate, M.A., secretary and historian; Mr. John McGowan, B.A., treasurer.

Dr. Barker of the class of '89 has been appointed fellow to a chair in pathology at Johns Hopkins University and Dr. T. Cullen, '90, has been appointed a fellow in pathology and gynæcology. These are good appointments both on the part of the University and in the interests of our two young doctors.

It is said that the world admires a fighter. With this I will not dispute, but on my own authority I maintain that a man of energy and perseverance will in the end reach a high position. A man can show what stuff he is made of by the manner in which he is enabled to take a college course. Mr. H. J. O'Connor, B. A., graduated in '89. He took up the work while teaching; tried conclusions with honor moderns and philosophy, gained a degree on the latter. He has now the LL.B. degree from the Queen's and is practicing law in Kingston, he has passed the final examination at the Law Society.

*

St. Michael's College closing exercises were conducted on Tuesday of this week at 9 a. m. The college has had a successful year, and 165 students were in attendance, 74 of them being from the United States. Rev. Father J. R. Teefy, B.A., C.S.B., is superior of the institution. He is one of our men and takes a deep interest in Old 'Varsity. He was once president of our Literary Society, and we will hear of his eloquence and his logic. His speeches are said to have been of a very high order. He is a scholarly, genial, whole-souled man.

Mr. Frederick Tracy, B.A., '89, who has been our fellow for three years in mental and moral philosophy, has been offered fellowships in Harvard and Clark Universities. He will probably go to the latter as fellow in philosophy and proceed to the Ph. D. degree. JUNIOR.

THE LOTTERY TICKET

Translated from La Francais for Saturday Night by Henri B. Sully.

For twenty years had Jean Ravachol lived upon his little farm with no companion but Old Brigette.

After ten years of married life, his wife, good Aurelie, a careful, hardworking, business like soul, had departed this troublous life, leaving by her careful management left things in such good shape that by means of very little exertion Jean was enabled to maintain his position, a proud one too, of an established *rentier* or favored tenant, upon the lands of the Comte de Nevers. Brigette, an honest, hard-faced woman of Gascon parentage, had followed faithfully in the steps of her mistress and by dint of great economy and labor managed to keep affairs in good order and stock the farm with several new and useful appliances. Everything had gone well till about five years before the date of our story, when the good old Comte went the way of all flesh and his son, a wild, dissipated young buck, totally neglected his tenants in the pursuit of his questionable pleasures.

Misfortunes never come singly and shortly after his accession to power a very destructive disease broke out among the cattle in that district, with the result that many of the *rentiers* were quite ruined and the end of the year saw merely Jean and several other of the more prosperous tenants still keeping their holdings.

Jean suffered very severely, and no longer a young man drifted into an apathetic sort of state, merely performing enough labor to satisfy the bare needs of the body and keep the rent-gatherer satisfied.

Poor Brigette had been indeed a faithful servant to the old man throughout all his troubles. Ist was Brigette who rose early in the morning, lad th e few remaining cattle and milked the cows. It was Brigette who raised the poultry and manufactured the thin, sweet lemonade wine that made their little table a delight on days and holy days seem like the old, happy, prosperous days brought back again. It was Brigette who harnessed the old Percheron five or six times a year to drive them to the city for the purpose of receiving the sacrament from the good white-haired father, and of making a few humble purchases.

For all this she received the shelter of the house, her daily bread and the seldom spoken gratitude of old Jean, money being an article she looked upon as the special prerogative of such superior beings, as her master only, to handle. She never touched it or wished to. She made out the scanty list of necessities to be procured upon the occasion of their periodical excursions, but Jean himself did the actual buying in the company of and under the supervision of the faithful retainer. Matters were thus jogging along in their quiet way when one bright morning Jean started out after breakfast with the intention of doing some gardening in the little vegetable plot that bordered a large pond directly in the rear of the farm house. How it happened he could never quite understand or explain, but while reaching down to fill the pot with which he was watering his plants he overbalanced himself in some way and the next moment was struggling in the water. Unfortunately for him, the bottom of the pond was composed of a subsoil of bluish mud that clung to his feet and rendered his slight knowledge of swimming of no avail. At first he went to the bottom, but speedily managed to get his head and shoulders above water. The pond at this place was not over five feet in depth, but his feet had sunk to the ankles in a mud from which all his efforts failed to relieve them materially. Under the circumstances motion was out of the question, and he realized that a false step might land him hands down in the sticky bottom from which it would be impossible to extricate himself. His best plan was obviously to remain still and summon help. Exerting his lungs to their greatest capacity, his cry for help rang out upon the morning air. No response. "Brigette! Brigette!" he shouted in stentorian tones. In his eagerness he leaned forward, and horrors! felt himself going over. With a desperate effort he tore up his right foot (it seemed to weigh about a ton) and plunged it down again in front, just in time to preserve his equilibrium. Terror now took possession of his enfeebled frame. "Brigette! Brigette!" he screamed, the perspiration bursting from his forehead and streaming down his face in torrents. He began to sway from one side to the other with the intensity of his emotions.

"Brigette! Brigette!" he wailed in anguish. Objects on the bank, the trees, the house, began to blur before his swimming eyes. He felt himself tottering. Summoning all his remaining strength he threw it into one awful shriek, "Brigette!!!" The sharp ear of the faithful retainer caught the agonized cry as she was ascending from the cellar with a dish of superb buttermilk. Dropping it, like a hot potato, on the floor, whence its lacteal contents spread themselves over the adjoining premises, she was out of the door like a shot and rushed to the scene of the accident to see her master almost submerged, throwing his arms madly wildly in a frantic effort to retain his perpendicular position. Seizing a long-handled rake that the unfortunate had been using, she shoved it out to him and after much exertion on her part accompanied by comprehensive profanity on his, the disaster was averted, the half-drowned wretch was snatched from a horrible death and lay face downwards among the grass and weeds on the bank. The faithful creature, her eyes filled with tears, assisted him into the house, where she gave him a drink of wine and left him on the chintz-covered sofa in the best room while she went to attend to her regular labors after noon, with a promise he would in future leave the watering of the plants to her. Towards evening he had recovered somewhat and partook of the simple supper set before him. During its course he seemed to be thinking deeply, and when after having cleared away the supper things Brigette took up the gray woolen stocking she was knitting for his next winter's outfit and sat down on the settee before the fire, she was greatly surprised to see him take out the well worn leather purse and count over the curious collection of coins contained therein. "Brigette," he began, "thou hast been a faithful servant. Thou hast saved my l fe and I will give thee a present. Nay, nay, I will. Thou art a good girl, a good girl!" and forthwith he took up one of the coins and with an air of true magnanimity handed her a twenty sous piece. Brigette, astounded at such generosity, took the money very, very reluctantly, but was reassured by the assertion that her master would tell her how to lay it out to the best advantage.

Now our friend Jean was in the habit of going to the little shop of Jacques Garneau, the barber, for the purpose of reading the paper which Jacques received every month from a relative in the city. Getting a shave, or hair cut was a luxury Jean considered as sinful if indulged in more than twice a year at most. A week after the accident found him as usual perusing the latest paper in Jacques Garneau's little shop, Jacques himself attended to a customer in the chair, interlarding every few strokes of the razor with a garrulous comment upon the matters political, social or financial.

"Well, friend Jean, are you going in for the great lottery of St. Sacau?"

"The what?" cried Jean.

"The lottery of St. Sacau, 100,000 francs to first prize. Think of that. There! down near the bottom of that page."

Jean read the advertisement over carefully. "100,000 francs," he said to himself. "That would make one a rich man." The conversation began to flag and soon after Jean rose and started for home. Arrived there he communicated the great news to Brigette and strongly advised her to invest her franc piece in the enterprise, adding that he intended to buy a couple of tickets himself. A week passed by and he inquired of Brigette if she had followed his advice. No, she had not had time. Several more weeks passed in the same manner with the same answer. Jean became annoyed and showed it plainly. At last Brigette answered in the affirmative.

"Ah! good!" commented Jean. "What is your number?"

"45!"

"45! good!" and he went his way.

About a month after this Jean sat again in the barber shop reading the precious paper and listening to the flow of comments from the lips of the garrulous Jacques. Suddenly his eye was arrested by a paragraph that caused his heart to beat wildly and his breath to come in short, quick gasps.

"St. Sacau! Lottery!" The 100,000 franc prize drawn by No. 45!!!"

"Thunder and lightning!" he ejaculated, rising to his feet in excitement.

"What! What!" stammered Jacques, cutting off a slice of a customer's ear in the surprise of the moment.

"Oh! Nothing! Nothing!" responded Jean, regaining his habitual caution and his seat at the same time. "Only a murdering affair at Monte Carlo."

Several weeks passed by and Jean had not been seen at any of his accustomed haunts. The truth was Jean was a very much troubled man. Never in all her experience of his varied moods had Brigette seen him act so strangely. All her efforts to draw him out, all the dainty little hashes and bouillons with which she tempted him failed completely to rouse him from the lethargic state into which he had fallen. He sat on the little chintz covered sofa from morning till night, muttering to himself, and at meals acted in the same unaccountable manner. At night the wakeful Brigette could hear him talking away in his dreams—uneasy dreams they must have been too—and tossing from side to side till the gray dawn crept through the diamond-shaped panes of the little French windows. In short, Brigette came to the conclusion that he had gone out of his mind, and determined to consult that awe-inspiring dignitary with the great horn-rimmed spectacles—the village doctor. But in this good intention she was frustrated by the object of her solicitude, as will be seen further. Jean was not demented, but nearly so. He was struggling between pride and necessity. "One hundred thousand francs," he thought to himself. "Why, Brigette will be a rich woman, and I, her master, a beggar." The enormity of this injustice positively appalled him. There was only one way out of the difficulty that he could see, and that was just what troubled him. "But after all," he said, "I am an old man, and what does it matter?" So next evening at supper time he, after a few preliminary hums and haws, asked Brigette to be his wife.

Astonished, perfectly astounded, Brigette had no doubt of his insanity, and amid many tears and much wringing of hands told her master so.

"What," she added, "I, your servant, marry you? What would your old friends say? Nonsense! Rubbish! You're crazy!"

However, old Jean succeeded in persuading her that he was not crazy, that he really did mean what he said, and the end of the matter was that next week saw them jog into the city behind old Paul and stand up together near the altar before the old white-haired father. They made a triumphal progress through the village amid the wondering congratulations of Jean's old cronies and re-entered the pretty farm house as man and wife.

This was what Jean had been waiting for with ill-concealed impatience. Hardly was the blushing bride fairly rested after her fatiguing their journey when the old rascal approached the subject nearest his heart.

"Brigette," he began, "thou knowest that whatever is thine is mine."

"Yes, Jean," answered the bride, "I do."

"Well," said he, "I think you had better give your ticket into my keeping till it is time to send it in."

"What ticket?"

"What ticket, you stupid! Why, the lottery ticket!" he spluttered, stamping his foot in his impatience.

"The lottery ticket? I have no lottery ticket."

"No lottery ticket?" he gasped. "What did you mean then by telling me you bought ticket No. 45?"

"Ah! ha! ha! Ah! ha! ha!" And the tears streamed down her face at the remembrance of her little joke. "Why! Because you pestered me so much I told you that to keep you quiet I have the franc piece still. See! here it is!" and she handed the glittering coin to him. But the reaction was too great. He had fainted.

It Brought Back the Umbrellas.

A man was denouncing newspaper advertising to a crowd of listeners.

"Last week," said he, "I had an umbrella stolen from the place provided for them by the side of my pew at church. It was a gift, and, thinking it very highly, I spent double its worth in advertising, but I have not recovered it."

"How did you word the advertisement?" asked a merchant.

"Here it is," said the man, producing a slip cut from a newspaper.

The merchant took it and read:

"Lost from ——church last Sunday evening, a black umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No. —, High street."

"Now," said the merchant, "I am a liberal advertiser, and have always found it paid me well. A great deal depends upon the manner in which the advertisement is put. Let us try your umbrella again, and if you do not acknowledge that advertising pays, I will purchase you a new one."

The merchant took a slip of paper from his pocket and wrote:

"If the man who was seen to take the umbrella from a pew of —— church last Sunday does not wish to get into trouble and have a stain cast upon the Christian character which he values so highly, he will return it at once to No. —, High street."

This duly appeared in the paper, and the following morning the man was astonished when he opened the front door of his residence. On the steps lay at least a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes that had been thrown in. Many of them had notes attached to them saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the loser to keep the little affair quiet.

Got Too Funny.

A tiger once invited a goat to dinner. The goat was tickled to death at the notice of the beast, and wore his spike-tailed coat and link sleeve-buttons in token of his appreciation.

"Can I help you to some of this venison steak?" the tiger asked the goat very cordially.

The goat could not eat venison steak, but he dissembled cleverly and preserved a smiling exterior.

"My physician," he protested, "positively forbids venison steak."

There was nothing else on the table, and the poor goat was obliged to sit idly by while the tiger devoured a hearty repast. But the goat was not disposed to deprive himself of the sweets of revenge. He accordingly pressed the tiger to dine with him the following evening.

The invitation was accepted with thanks, and promptly an time the tiger thrust his hind legs under the goat's mahogany.

"Can I help you," sweetly inquired the host, "to some of this fricasseed tomato can with brown paper sauce?"

"No, thank you," rejoined the tiger, "my doctor forbids."

"So sorry," murmured the goat in secret glee. "I fear you will have only an unsatisfactory meal."

"Oh, I shall do very well," protested the tiger. Whereat he fell upon and devoured the goat himself.

"Alas!" exclaimed the latter with his dying breath, "I was too funny."

This tale teaches that it is perfectly proper to take an insult from some people without resenting it. It is all a matter of judgment.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Spit It Out.

On a trial for an assault, which took place at the assizes so ne years since, a medical witness, in giving his evidence, informed the court that on examining the prosecutor he found him suffering from a severe contusion of the integument under th i left orbit, with great extravasation of blood, and ecchymosis in the surrounding cellular tissue, which was in a tumefied state. There was also considerable abrasion of the cuticle.

Judge—You mean, I suppose, that the man had a bad black eye?

Witness—Yes.

Judge—Then why not say so at once?

The Vacation Disease.

Brother Chump—Our pastor's health seems to be failing rapidly. He has a hacking cough, and his eyes have an anxious, yearning look. What is your diagnosis of his complaint, doctor?

Dr. Slade (a philosopher)—In confidence, Brother Chump, I am pretty well satisfied that it is the hankering pauky. If not checked very shortly it will be followed by a vacation.

Their Only Chance.

Cumso—It was a wise provision of the fathers of the nation, that the President of the United States must be a native.

Fangle—Why?

Cumso—Well, it reserved one office for those born in the country.

A Slip Involuntary.

"Florence," said her mother severely, "what is this I hear? Your brother tells me that you winked at the principal in school to-day!"

"O, mamma," replied the maiden, "don't let that trouble you. I didn't mean to; indeed I didn't. I only happened to be looking at the professor and my eye slipped."

Without a Shadow of Turning.

She—I thought you told me Mr. Nixon was a man of regular habits.

He—Well, he has been drinking steadily ever since I knew him.

"Were you at the sea shore last summer, Polly?" "Only for a day." "Did you bathe?" "No. Somebody else was using the ocean when we were there."

He Fooled Him.

A North Country Scotch boy had dislocated his leg, and was taken by his mother to a bone-setter, "in whom she had great faith. The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to haul it very severely in order, as the bone-setter said, "to get the bone in." The lad was liberal with his screams while this was being done, but eventually the bone was "got in," and the patient was told that he would be all right in a few days. "Didn't Davie do the thing well?" said the joyous mother. "Aye, he did, mither," answered the lad; "but I wasna sic a fule as tae gi'e him ma sair leg."—*Argonaut.*

Gratefully Acknowledged

"Harry, love," said Mrs. Noopop, when her husband came home from the office one afternoon, "I received a lovely letter from papa to-day."

"Ah!" replied Noopop.

"Yes. He congratulates us on the birth of our dear baby."

"That's good."

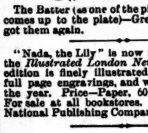
"Yes, and he says it will cost us more to live now—that his rents are expensive."

"I suppose that is very true," the happy father assented.

"And so dear papa sent us a check for $1,000. Wasn't that good of him?"

"I should say it was!" exclaimed Noopop enthusiastically. "I'll sit right down and write thanks for his generous contribution to the Fresh Heir Fund."

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.



The Batter (as one of the pitcher's new curves comes up to the plate)—Great Scott! Have I got them again.

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News.* The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 60c.; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

Johnson's Mission.

A certain young fellow named Johnson, a man about town of independent fortune, had the *entree* of the green room. He was known as a harmless pleasant gentleman, and was popular with the leading artists of the theater.

One evening one of the company read from a newspaper an account of a notable and tragic duel in France. The combatants were a practiced French duellist and a young Englishman. On the ground the Frenchman had walked up to his opponent, who was little more than a youth, laid his hand on his heart and said:

"Ah, you are courageous, I see! Have you a mother?"

"Yes; I am her only son," was the reply.

"Ah, I am sorry! I duellist, I am sorry! I shall hit you just there by the third button of your coat in five minutes from now your mother will be childless!"

It was a cruelly true forecast. The English boy was killed.

Mr. Johnson, leaning against the green-room mantel, looked up when the reader had finished the recital.

"Who is Johnson?" asked everybody.

Inquiries were made at his rooms. Nobody knew where Johnson was. By and by he reappeared in his favorite attitude, leaning against the fireplace.

"Ah, back again!" said the artists. "Where have you been?"

"To France," said Mr. Johnson.

"To France! What for?" They had forgotten the dead boy of the duel.

"To kill that fellow," he said.

It was true. He went to Paris the very night he heard the newspaper paragraph read, found out his man, insulted him, was called out to the same field where his young countryman had fallen. Prior to the fight he had gone up to the Frenchman, laid his hand on his heart, asked if he had a mother, and told him the button beneath which he would strike him. The Frenchman fell dead at Johnson's first shot. Whereupon the Englishman had returned to his p'easant corner near the mantel-piece of the green-room fire.

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south-west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Made His Wife a Fair Offer.

"Father," said the boy, as he came into the office, "I called on a delicate mission."

"Sit down," said the old man, going ahead with his writing.

"It's a delicate mission, father, and I trust you will give it the consideration it demands."

"This is my busy day, my boy," said the old man, bowing his head deeper in the mess on the desk, "but I am always interested in my family."

"Thank you, father; it is indeed a pleasure to me. I was about to say, sir, that my business here to day was of a delicate character."

"Is it, indeed, eh?" said the father, dipping his pen in the ink and scratching away for dear life. "James, I am glad to listen to you always."

"As you are such a busy man, father, I shall take as little of your time as possible. The fact is, father, the business of importance upon which I called is—is very important indeed. I want—"

"Go ahead, my son."

"P—"

"It is the way of the world, James."

"Yes, sir; to take you home to night, sir, and introduce you to your family, father."

"What's that?" snorted the old man, looking up suddenly.

"Business is so pressing these days; mother sits down for days and days together and looks at your photograph; she wonders how you look now; it is not a flattering picture; it was taken long before the war, but it is the best she has; would you mind, sir, stepping into a gallery on the way to lunch and giving her a new sitting!"

The old man was touched. A glow came into his pallid face. In that instant he seemed to renew his youth. Business, yes, indeed, how it carried him away. He brushed his hands over his eyes and said:

"James, one of the clerks, is sick to-day. Run up and ask mother if she would not like to come down and work with me this afternoon, getting out monthly statements to 14,000 customers.—*New York Recorder.*

C. E. International Convention at New York in July.

At a meeting of the executive committee held in Toronto last Friday Dr. Dickson and Ald. Morris reported that they had visited New York in the interest of the Ontario contingent of Christian Endeavor who may go to the convention July 7 and 10, and that they had learned that accommodation could be had in boarding-houses at from $5 to $8 a week, and this must be for a whole week. Rooms in hotels may be had at 50c., 75c. and $1 a day; hotel charges in full, $2.50 a day. Mr. Morris purposes going to New York on July 4 and 5 to make final arrangements for as many as intimate to him early their intention of going. The fare to New York and back will be single over Canadian and American lines. The Erie line will be the official road. Arrangements will be made for cars at points where fifty or sixty may gather, and if sixty go from Galt a special car will be provided through to New York. The expected number that 25,000 will go to this convention from Canada and every part of the States.

More Durable Than China

Snodgrass—There is one queer thing about silence.

Snively—Name it.

Snodgrass—When silence fails it is not necessarily broken.

WE WILL SEND absolutely FREE for three months one of the best Family Journals published (24 long columns) to every person who can find

THREE FACES

On this figure.

Enclose 9 cents to pay for mailing.

Medical Adviser and Farm Help, Bowmanville, Ont.

Mention *Saturday Night.*

CANCER

For 6 cts. in stamps you can learn how to cure it without knife or plaster. Mention *Saturday Night* and address STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

(Limited) MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL KNOWN BRAND

Redpath

OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY

Made by the Latest Processes, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR

In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated

Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED

Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS

(Not dried).

YELLOW SUGARS

Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS

Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS

Of high class Syrups in 2 lbs. 2 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD TONIC? TAKE THE INDIGENOUS BITTERS

THE most economic, and at the same time the most effectual stomachic and aid to digestion.

A 25 cents package is sufficient to make 3 large bottles of the best Bitters.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

LAWN TENNIS

RICH QUALITY---LOW PRICES IN

TENNIS GOODS

Reduced Prices for Ten Days

H. P. DAVIES & CO. 81 Yonge St., Toronto 89 King St. East, Hamilton

LALLY!!! LACROSSE STICKS AND Athletic Requisites of All Kinds

Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO. 89 King St. West, Toronto

Uncomplimentary.

Industrious Willets—Why don't you git somethin' t' do too, Hannibal!
Hannibal—Can't find nothin'.
Willets—Why don't yer go over t' ole man Penton's stock-farm an' git a job scarin' colts!
Hannibal—I don't know as I ketch on.
Willets—Why, 'a soon 's they got used ter you they wouldn't never be scared at nothin' agin.

The Spirits' Mountain.

From the Spanish of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer, by Mary Springer.)

In this thrilling tale we are transported to Spain in the days of romance and superstitious beliefs. The spirits of moslem knights and nobles, slain in battle, throng round us on the haunted mountain; and, while the midnight bells are solemnly tolling, we watch with bated breath the punishment that overtakes the haughty and cruel damsel who has driven her lover to a terrible death.

"Fasten the dogs, blow the horns to call the huntsmen together, and let us take a turn around the city.

"Night is approaching; it is All Souls' Day, and we are on the Spirits' Mountain."

"So soon!"

"If it were any other day but this, I would not give up hunting that pack of wolves, which the snows of Moncayo have driven from their dens; but it is impossible to-day. They will soon call to prayers at the monastery of the Knights Templar, and the bells will commence to toll for the dead in the chapel on the mountain."

"In that ruined chapel! Bah, you wish to frighten me!"

"No, my lovely cousin, but you are not aware of all that has occurred in this country, for it is only a year since you came back. Slacken your horse's pace, and I will tell you a story."

The pages were gathered in merry groups; the counts of Borget and Alardiel were mounted on magnificent steeds, and they rode behind their son and daughter. Alonso and Beatriz, who kept on at some distance ahead of the cavalcade. Alonso went on as follows:

"This mountain, which is now called the Spirits' Mountain, formerly belonged to the Knights Templar who were warlike monks. After Soria had been conquered from the Moors, the king sent for the Templars to come from a distant land to defend the city on the side next to the bridge; thus wounding the feelings of the nobility of Castile, who, as they had conquered the city, were capable of defending it without any outside help.

"Therefore the knights of that new and powerful religious order and the noblemen of the city were on bad terms for several years, and finally this feeling deepened to a profound hatred.

"The Templars had this part of the mountain set aside as a preserve for game to satisfy their wants and contribute to their pleasures; while the nobles determined to organize a grand hunt in the enclosure, in spite of the severe prohibitions of the monks with spurs—as they styled their enemies.

"The news spread fast; but the noblemen determined to carry out their purpose, though they knew that the Knights Templar intended, if possible, to put a stop to their sport.

"The expedition was carried out, and they did not once think of the game, for they fought with one another, and many a poor mother had to mourn the loss of her son. Instead of a hunt, there was a frightful battle; the mountain was strewn with corpses, and the wolves they had desired to exterminate enjoyed a bloody feast.

"Finally, the king interfered and commanded that the mountain, the cause of so much misfortune, should be abandoned. So the monks chapel situated on the mountain, and wherein friends and enemies were buried together, gradually fell into ruins.

"But ever since, on All Souls' Eve, the chapel bell tolls for the dead; and the ghosts, enveloped in their shrouds, roam around through the woods and bushes, as though engaged in a fantastic hunting expedition. The deer fly before them, bleating with fear, the serpents hiss fearfully, and on the following day the footprints of the fleshless ghosts are seen on the snow. Therefore in Soria we call it the Spirits' Mountain, and for that reason I have thought best to leave it before night sets in."

Alonso finished his story just as the two young people reached the end of the bridge which stends to the city on the other side. They waited for the rest of the cavalcade to join them, and all entered together the warm, dark streets of Soria.

. . . . . .

The servants had just cleared the table, and a bright fire was playing in the Gothic fire place, shedding its glow on several groups of ladies and gentlemen, who were sitting round the hearth, while the wind beat against the windows.

Only two persons did not take part in the general conversation, Beatriz and Alonso.

Beatriz was watching the flickering flames, absorbed in her own thoughts, while Alonso was gazing admiringly at her blue eyes.

Both had been silent for some time.

The old women were telling blood-curdling stories about ghosts and spirits, while the church bells of Soria were tolling for the dead with a sad and doleful sound.

"My lovely cousin," finally exclaimed Alonso, breaking the deep silence, "we are soon to separate, perhaps forever. You do not like the arid plains of Castile, its severe and austere customs, its simple, patriarchal habits, I know full well. I have heard you sigh several times, and perhaps it is for some lover you have left in your far-off home."

Beatriz made a gesture of indifference, and her disposition was revealed in the scornful curl of her lip.

"Perhaps you are sighing for the pomps of the French court, where you have lived up to the present time," the young man hastened to say. "Anyway, I foresee that I shall soon lose you; and when we separate, I would like to have you carry away a remembrance of me. Do you remember when we went to church to give thanks to God for having restored your health, which you came to seek here? The jewel that fastened the plume in my cap attracted your attention. How well it would look in your dark hair, confining your veil. It has already been used for that purpose by a bride; for my father gave it to my mother, and she wore it to the altar. Would you like to have it?"

"I do not know how it is in your country, but in mine, if one receives a present, it is binding. Only on a holiday can one accept a present from a relative—who can even go to Home without coming back with empty hands."

The scornful tone in which Beatriz pronounced these words disturbed the young man a little, but finally recovering himself, he said in a sad tone:

"I am aware of it, cousin, but to-day is All Saints' Day, and your namesday as well as that of others; so it is a fitting time to receive gifts, I assure you. Will you accept this from me?"

Beatriz slightly bit her lip, and extended her hand to take the jewel, without saying a word.

The two young people again remained silent, though the old women's voices could be heard as they went on talking about witches and ghosts, while the howling of the wind as it shook the casements, and the tolling of the bells, still continued.

After a few moments, Alonso proceeded.

"Before the end of All Saints' Day, which is my namesday as well as yours, you may give me a souvenir without compromising yourself. Will you not do so?" urged Alonso, fixing his eyes on his cousin's, which gleamed brightly as a diabolical thought flashed through her mind.

"Why not?" she exclaimed, carrying her hand to her right shoulder, as though seeking for something amid the folds of her wide velvet sleeve embroidered with gold. Then with a childish air of disappointment, she added:

"Do you recollect the blue ribbon I wore to-day on the hunting expedition, and which you said was the emblem of your soul on account of its color?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I have lost it. I have lost it, and I wanted to give it to you as a souvenir."

"Where was it lost?" inquired Alonso, raising himself in his seat, with an indescribable expression of mingled fear and hope.

"I do not know, perhaps on the mountain."

"On the Spirits' Mountain?" he murmured, turning pale, and throwing himself back in his chair, "on the Spirits' Mountain!" Then he went on in a harsh, trembling tone: "You know, for you have heard everybody say so times without number, that I am called the king of huntsmen throughout Castile. As I have not yet been able to try my strength in battle, as my ancestors have done, I have exerted, in that pastime of warlike sport, all the hereditary ardor of my race and all the strength of which I am possessed. The mat under your feet is the skin of a wild animal I slew with my own hands. I know its haunts and its habits; I have fought against them day and night, on foot and on horseback, alone and together with other huntsmen, and nobody can say that I ever shrank from danger at any time. On any other night I would fly to bring you that ribbon, and would do so joyfully; but to-night, yes, to-night—why should I hide it from you?—I am afraid. Do you not hear the bells tolling? The hour for evening prayer has struck at San Juan del Duero; the ghosts begin to emerge from their graves, curdling the blood of any one who beholds them, turning his hair gray, or dragging him off in the whirl of their fantastic dance, as a leaf is swept along by the breeze."

An almost imperceptible smile curled Beatriz's lips while the young man was talking, and she exclaimed in an indifferent tone after he ceased, mean while stirring the fire so that the bright sparks flew out:

"Oh, no, indeed! How silly! Don't think of going to the mountain now after such a trifle! On such a dark night, too, when the ghosts are abroad and the road is full of wolves!" As she spoke these last words she emphasized them so that Alonso could not fail to understand her bitter irony.

As though mechanically, he arose, passed his hand over his forehead as though to dispel the fancies he felt mentally, but not in his heart, and in a firm tone he said, addressing the beautiful girl, who was still amusing herself by stirring the fire on the hearth:

"Farewell, Beatriz, farewell! If I return, it will be soon."

"Alonso, Alonso," she said, turning around rapidly; but when she desired to detain him, or appeared to do so, the young man had already disappeared.

Soon after, the sound of his horse's hoofs was heard as he galloped off. The proud beauty, with a radiant look of gratified vanity lighting up her face, listened attentively to the sound until it died away, though the church bells kept on their lugubrious tolling.

. . . . . .

An hour, two, and three elapsed, and midnight struck as Beatriz retired to her oratory; but Alonso had not returned yet, though he had had plenty of time to go and come back.

"Perhaps he was afraid!" the young girl exclaimed, closing her prayer book, after vainly endeavoring to murmur some of the prayers the church dedicates to All Souls' Day, for the spirits of those that have passed away.

After putting out the lamp, and drawing the silk curtains around her bed, she fell asleep. But her sleep was restless and uneasy.

The postern clock struck two, and Beatriz could hear its slow, sad strokes, and half-opened her eyes. She thought that she had heard some one call her at the same time in a faint, suffering accent. The wind still moaned and shook the casement.

"It must be the wind," she said, putting her hand to her heart and trying to calm herself. But her heart kept on beating wildly. The doors of the oratory creaked noisily on their hinges. First one, and then all the doors that opened into her apartment, were opened and closed with a harsh, sad sound, like a deep groan, setting her nerves on edge.

Then a silence ensued, a silence full of strange sounds, the silence of midnight. There was a dull murmur of distant water, the barking of dogs in the distance, confused tones, unintelligible words, and echoes of footsteps coming and going. Then followed the rustling of trailing garments, half-suppressed sighs, and the labored breathing which one feels, with involuntary shudders, announces the presence of something that cannot be seen, though its approach is felt in the darkness.

Beatriz tremblingly thrust her head out from the curtains and listened for a moment. She could hear many strange sounds, but, passing her hand over her brow, she listened again, but all was now still and quiet.

Her pupils were dilated and she seemed to see shadows moving around all over the room; but as she fixed her eyes more closely, she perceived that the darkness was impenetrable and it was due to her imagination.

"Bah," she said, resting her lovely head again on the pillow, "can I be so timid as those poor souls whose hearts beat with terror under their armor on hearing some ghost story!"

So, closing her eyes, she tried to go to sleep, but in vain did she endeavor to calm herself. She kept starting up, pale, uneasy, and more terrified than ever.

This time it was no illusion, the brocade *portieres* over the door had rustled as they were pushed aside, and she could hear heavy footsteps on the carpet. The sound they made was dull and almost imperceptible, but continuous, and as they moved along she could hear something creaking, like dry wood or bones. The footfalls drew nearer and nearer, and the prayer desk near her bed moved. Beatriz uttered a sharp cry, and, burying herself under the clothes, hid her head and held her breath.

The wind beat against the casement, while the monotonous flow of the fountain could be heard from afar, and the barking of dogs, as well as the church bells of Soria, some near, some farther off, while they sadly tolled for the dead.

Thus the night passed on, and to Beatriz it seemed as though it would never come to an end. Finally, the first faint rays of dawn lighted up the sky, and she opened her eyes and recovered her self-possession.

After a sleepless night of terror, how beautiful seems the bright, clear morning light!

She drew back the curtains of her bed, and was about to laugh at her terror of the previous night, when suddenly a cold perspiration broke out on her forehead, her eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and a deadly pallor overspread her cheeks; for on her prayer desk she beheld the blue ribbon stained with blood, the blue ribbon Alonso had gone in quest of.

When the frightened attendants rushed in to inform her of the death of Alonso—the first-born of the count of Alardiel—whose body, partly devoured by the wolves, had been found on the Spirits' Mountain, they found Beatriz motionless and rigid, clinging with both hands to the ebony bed-posts, her eyes starting from their sockets, her mouth half opened, her lips white, and her body cold and stiff, for she was dead!

Beatriz had died of fright!

. . . . . .

They say that, some time after this event took place, a huntsman, who had lost his way and been obliged to pass All Souls' Eve on the Spirits' Mountain, told, on the day before he died, of some of the horrible sights he had seen there. Among other things he said that he had seen the fleshless bodies of the ancient Knights Templar, and the Soria noblemen, that were buried in the chapel, on the stroke of twelve arise from their graves with a terrible clamor; and, mounted on their skeleton steeds, wildly pursue a beautiful woman, who—pale, with disheveled locks, and her feet bare and bleeding—was roaming around the unfortunate Alonso's tomb with wild and fearful cries.—*Short Stories.*

A Desperate Young Man.

"Tell me, my daughter," said Mr. Munn with some anxiety in his manner as he led his only child to a seat in the parlor, "wasn't young Mr. Gasket here last night?"

"Yes, papa. Why do you ask?"

"You and he have a quarrel?"

"No, papa, not a quarrel exactly. But tell me! Has anything happened to him?"

"Did he or did he not propose marriage to you?"

"Yes, he did, papa," replied the girl, now thoroughly alarmed. "Do tell me if anything has happened to him. Has he committed suicide?"

"What was your reply, daughter? Did you accept him?"

"No, papa. Has his body been discov—"

"Did you give him any encouragement whatever?"

"No, sir. Did he shoot himself, or—"

"You rejected him finally and irrevocably, did you?"

"Yes, papa, and he said he'd go and do something desperate, but I didn't think he'd make away with himself. O, papa, isn't it awful!"

"Yes, it's awful. I suspected that you had rejected him when I heard what he had done to day."

"O, papa, do you think I shall be arrested for it?"

"O, dear, no. You didn't have to marry him just because he asked you."

"But tell me what he has done, papa."

"He's gone to work."

Foot-Ball Terms.

"A half back."

Not Such a Fool As He Looked.

A tall, slim fellow, with a vacant stare, walked into the police station of a western city, stepped up to the officer on duty, and said in a hollow voice:

"Sir, I have an important communication to make. I am dead. I was murdered, and I entreat you to find the murderer and have me buried."

The official involuntarily started back; it was evident he had a lunatic before him. He rang a bell, and the captain of the division, the police surgeon and all the constables obeyed the summons. In a moment the room was packed with a crowd of persons, all anxiously looking towards the surgeon, who, in such cases, has the first word.

"Just so," the latter said, addressing the stranger; "I could tell at the first glance that you were dead. Do you happen to remember your name?"

"Certainly," the maniac replied, "my name is Berhhold Schwartz."

"And your address?"

"The grave."

"Who is your murderer?"

"Columbus."

"The same who discovered America?"

"Yes."

"Then allow me to congratulate you. We have captured the smart chap. Come, and I will show you to his cell."

"Directly," said the madman, in reply to the surgeon's diplomatic little speech, and began fumbling in his pocket, from which he quickly produced a thick packet of neatly bound almanacs.

"Gentlemen, when I was alive I used to sell these almanacs; they are the best sold in this country, and only cost threepence apiece. You will admit that these handsome little volumes ought not to be left to moulder in the grave, and, as we appear to be on such friendly terms, perhaps the gentlemen will not object to buy the lot."

Ten minutes later the "madman" had sold out and taken his departure.—*Taglic Rundschau.*

"Asparagus for Two!"

Fontenelle died in 1757, a ripe old centenarian. He attributed his longevity chiefly to a regular course of asparagus treatment which he underwent every spring. His friend, the Cardinal Archbishop Dubois, was equally fond of asparagus, and both might have indulged their preference in common but for the fact that Fontenelle took his asparagus with oil and vinegar, whilst Dubois invariably ate his with white sauce.

One day in spring Madame de Tencin had invited the two friends to dinner. Asparagus was just coming into season, and as the lady knew the tastes of her distinguished guests, she had ordered the cook to dish up half the asparagus with oil and vinegar, and the other half with white sauce. Fontenelle was the first to arrive, and heard how matters had been arranged. The company were now only waiting for the Cardinal. Instead of him, however, there came the sudden tidings that he had had a stroke and was dead.

"Dead!" exclaimed the terrified guests.

"Dead!" also exclaimed Fontenelle, adding, "But is it really true?"

"Alas! only too true."

"Then he won't be coming to dinner?"

"Of course not!"

Then Fontenelle sprang with one bound to the door, pulled it wide open and called out loud enough to be heard in the kitchen:

"Jean, all the asparagus with oil and vinegar!"—*Le Siecle.*

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies will be published at least six weeks after original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or quotations are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ZETA.—Just the antipodes of Medusa. A man, bold, independent, energetic, generous, honest, self-willed and frank; with no idea of diplomacy and lack of tact, good self-esteem and extreme perseverance.

HAGGAR.—1. Very decidedly decisive, cautious and conservative, but very careless in small matters. Your energy is fair, but your decision weak, and your judgments not faint hearted. 2. Not conscious of genius. 3. As shown by Cornill's books, I am not in a position to give you an opinion.

PETER MCGILL.—An even and consistent nature, rather of a unfortunate cast, very decided opinions, a love of appropation, carefulness, some taste but not of a very cultured tone, ambitious and reasonable affection and a very ordinary range of attainments, are the traits shown in this writing.

MARIAN.—You are a charming creature, in spite of your horrid name; ease, grace, good temper, and also love of change, uneven effort, sometimes simpplified, fun, fancy and a little disinclination to mental application. You are an alky, bright and rather romantic soul, with all sorts of ways and fanciful attainments.

HARAR.—I believe he is about 5 feet 9½ inches. He is not at all a tall person, nor does he give the impression of being so. 2. Tolerably well-balanced, with some caution, perseverance, good reasoning power, rather a cranky temper, fondness for creature comforts, a slightly easy and unambitious nature, some ambition and vivacity, but no fire of finish and no diplomacy.

NIPPARA.—Your question answers itself. I sometimes get a very little definition from a nonsensical sentence, and as in your own case, not much satisfaction out of a long correct and admirable composition. You are idealistic, constant, conservative, rather deliberate, but not always careful of details. 2. Your handwriting is not noticeable, but there is some wit, desire for praise and good power of reasoning. You need not trouble yourself in reading a study to convey the deepest feelings you possess, just go ahead and write honestly and naturally, and the feelings will convey themselves.

TANTALUS E.—1. It is not etiquette to dance five times in one evening with the same party, but a silly proceeding. 2. If a young lady dances at all she should consider she had not much command of partners, and was forced to do so. 3. I should call boys of seventeen and eighteen pretty old boys, they should be at school, and not dare address them as "Master." 3. A girl of fifteen would be a forward piece if she went driving with gentlemen. As you say your mother is a sensible woman, I think she is the best advisor and follow her guidance. You will be much more respected and your conduct will be much more complimented if you would write to a newspaper for advice, when she would not ask her own mother. 4. Your writing is too wide to delineate, but on account of what I find in it, I hope you are only thoughtless, and better than your silly questions would lead me to suppose.

ERIK.—1. It is always wrong to be angry with old maids, my son, whether they know what they are talking about or not. You should consider. Here are you—young, clever, a musician and a man (or getting that way). You have all the advantage over that poor old maid. Let her talk; that is her happiness. Let them all talk as you or to you. I cannot say, remember, but you may be like them some day yourself, of course you can't—but you may be that twice as horrid a thing, an old *bach.* I hope you got your degree; please let me know if you did. I think your reading is rather too highly flavored. Could you not get some history or travels, or something a little more com-

She—It's dreadful; he is sixty and she's only sixteen. Why don't you marry her? He—I will one of these days, if you are sure he is as old as that.

American style: Scads—You say he left no money! Baggs—No. You see, he lost his health getting wealthy, and then lost his wealth trying to get healthy.

Decorate

Your Summer Cottages

Make them look bright and cheerful.
Blend the charm of art with the gifts of nature.
Make the most of life—enjoy it fully.

Enamel Paint, Stain and Varnish, whatever you need for brightness, cleanliness and effect you will find the best and cheapest at

The Art Metropole

131 Yonge St., Toronto (opposite Temperance St.) and 3, 5 and 7 Toronto Arcade
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

ESTABLISHED 1867

J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street, TORONTO

'Phone 2575

FINE FUNERAL GOODS AT J. A. GORMALY

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

HEAD ACHE

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

"AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR INDIGESTION."

ADAMS' PEPSIN Tutti-Frutti.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS

Dunn's Mustard

IN A DAY.

LAWRNCE, KANS., U. S. A., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS

COMPLEXION POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE POZZONI'S White, Pink, Flesh All Druggists Fancy Stores. TINTS.

The Drama.

THE Robber of the Rhine now running in Henry C. Miner's new theater corner of Broadway and Twenty-Eighth street, New York, has evidently struck a successful pace. The first night drew an immense crowd to see the new opera and the new house. The latter is magnificent. Nothing garish meets the eye. Tennessee, Mycenian and Italian marble are used in floors, walls and stairways. The great dome is of silvery blue and presents a splendid effect above the seven hundred lights of the chandalier. The proscenium arch is said to be solid gold, and the drop curtain is a very beautiful picture representing The Crowning of the Bride. The new comic opera is the work of Maurice Barrymore and Charles Peurner, and contains many capital lyrics and bright dialogue, but is too talky. It will speedily be weeded out. The Robber of the Rhine, Waldemere (Hayden Coffin) and his brigands, waylay a party of noble people who are on their way to the castle of a great German family, where lives the prospective bride of the duke. The lady is loved also by Waldemere, whose affection she reciprocates, and he divests the noble party of their apparel, which he and the principals of his band assume. Waldemere is then presented at the castle as the duke and the latter with his wretched-looking companions are brought in as the captured Robber and his gang. This gives room for much amusing work. Hayden Coffin distinguished himself as did Miss Marion Manola as leading lady. Marie Dressler as the brigandess scored a pronounced hit. J. H. Ryley, an old favorite in Toronto, is also in the cast with a good part, to which of course he does justice. Edith Kenwood, Henry Peakes and Edward Temple made the most of their several opportunities, and the critics give the new comic opera a place among the best of the day. The Robber of the Rhine was prepared at the Lyric Theater in London a few years ago, but it did not gain presentation then because of the unexpectedly permanent success of its forerunner, Dorothy.

•

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry have signed a contract for an American tour this year, and it is to be hoped will visit Toronto for a couple of nights at least before they return to England.

•

The majority of the Paris theatrical managers have made themselves ridiculous by forming an organization for the purpose of curtailing the privileges of the dramatic representatives of the press. One of the principal objects of the managers is to prohibit the critics from attending rehearsals. Already there is a civil war among the managers, and a challenge to fight a duel has been sent by M. Koning of the Gymnase to M. Marx of the Cluny. The critics, not to be outdone, have induced the Minister of Public Works to ascertain the precautions that the managers have taken against fires. Already the Opera House has been examined and found wanting in several respects. It is apparent accordingly that in Paris as elsewhere it does not do to run foul of the power of the press.

•

Mr. Walter Damrosch is at work on an opera which is exciting much interest and which promises to be not only a popular success but a musical composition of a high order of merit. The theme of the work is that of Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, and the original story is followed as closely as possible. George Parsons Lathrop, the well known author, who is a son-in-law of Hawthorne, is writing the libretto. The work will be produced in New York in the fall.

•

Mr. Bemberry, a French composer who is known chiefly by his many charming songs and light musical compositions, has written for Sir Augustus Harris an opera whose theme is Elaine. It is to be performed at the Covent Garden Theater next month with Madame Melba, the Australian prima donna, in the title *role*, and Jean De Reszke as Launcelot. De Sara's Light of Asia will also be given next month for the first time in London. It is in cantata form and is highly spoken of by the critics. New York is enjoying several new works, the most prominent of course being Barrymore's Robbers of the Rhine.

•

It is stated that Fanny Davenport during her thirty-three weeks' season has averaged $7,500 a week, and her receipts for one week were $8,100. She has cleared $80,000 on her season's work and is satisfied to rest during the hot months. She will play next season under the management of Marcus Mayer. This manager will also have Mrs. Bernard Beere's American tour.

•

When Sir Walter Scott was about eight-and-twenty he wrote a play called The House of Aspen, which was sent to London and, according to Lockhart, put into rehearsal and afterwards abandoned. This lack of encouragement may have been a happy circumstance, but some one has secured the MS., and the play will soon be produced. Apart from translations Sir Walter's works in dramatic form consist of The Doom of Devorgoil, Macduff's Cross, Halidon Hill and Auchindrane; or, the Ayrshire Tragedy. None of these was put upon the stage, and the only one of his novels in which he had a hand in fitting for the theater was Guy Mannering. It was done to help his friend, Daniel Terry, the actor, through whom his interest in the theater seems to have been mainly kept alive.

Recognizing the Situation.

"Is it not gratifying," said Carsway, genially removing some dust from Hooks' shoulder, "is it not indeed most comforting to reflect that our friendship, despite the vicissitudes of life, still remains as strong and unimpaired as it was in the beginning?"

"I should say so," assented Hooks. "Will twenty do this time, do you think?"

Music.

THE dog-days have struck music, and no doubt all are as grateful as I am that we have had a week's rest. Next week the closing exercises of our educational institutions will come in for notice. For this week the following correspondence will suffice:

Musical Editor of Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR,—I have read with deep interest your encouraging and friendly criticisms *re* Orchestral School. I would trespass briefly on your valuable space in order to make one or two points still more clear to the minds of your large constituency of readers. The promenade concert you allude to in your issue of June 18, could have been given on a professional basis and at reasonable rates so far as the musicians were concerned. A lack of confidence on the part of the enterprising firm referred to in being able to cover the expenditure was the cause of the promenade concert scheme being abandoned, so far as I understand it, and not on account of the refusal by some of the ladies in the Orchestral School to take part in the programme. The Orchestral School is not designed to take professional engagements, but rather to train those among its members who then being qualified may enter the professional ranks. With a view to provide in a measure the financial aid necessary to meet the current expenses and also to show the progress made—two public concerts will be given next season. At their first concert, June 7th, a number of young players, who had just joined the school, did not appear on account of insufficient rehearsals. Since then additional names have been added, and it is safe to predict that the applications for admission into the school will, in the near future, far exceed the limitation of membership. I take this opportunity to thank you on behalf of Mr. Torrington and the members of the Orchestral School for the friendly interest you have taken in them. With such encouragement from the press and substantial support on the part of our citizens, not only in the matter of patronizing the annual concerts but in their liberal contributions towards the establishing of a permanent fund, the income from which would amply provide for the successful operation of the school, including free tuition, I have the fullest confidence that the grand work designed for it by its founder and conductor, Mr. F. H. Torrington, will be realized.

S. T. CHURCH,
Secretary.

TORONTO, June 22.

DEAR METRONOME,—In reply to your enquiry as to the cause of our giving up the idea of a series of summer night promenade concerts, it was our intention to begin them experimentally with the Toronto Orchestral School, but as some of the ladies of that organization declined to play at promenade concerts we were reluctantly obliged to abandon a scheme, one of whose most prominent features was the practical use and propagation of the orchestral school.

Subsequent figuring on the services of a professional orchestra, combined with the other necessary expenses, coming too high, we finally decided to abandon the project.

Respectfully yours,
I. SUCKLING & SONS.

Enquiry from my authority for my statement of last week elicited this second letter, which will prove my justification for what I made public.

METRONOME.

To Baby.

For Saturday Night.

Little baby lying there
With your sunny golden hair,
How I wish that you could be
Always type of purity.

Waxen eye-lids closed in sleep,
Covering eyes of brown so sweet,
Dainty hands now at rest
Closed o'er your little breast.

O God! keep my darling pure,
Let no evil temptor lure
Him from the paths of right,
Into those of darkest night.

Thus I now would pray with love
Leaning o'er thee from above,
And my heart goes out to thee
Sleeping there so peacefully.

MRS. FRED W. BARBER

Cricket News.

PERHAPS the best scoring of the week was done in the game between Upper Canada College and the Hamilton Juniors. The latter made 153, of which H. Scatham made 52 not out. It seems to me this youngster did something of the same sort once before against a Toronto team of juniors. R. B. Morris 32, A. Waldie 26 and R. Burns 11, were the other scorers for Hamilton. Upper Canada made 178 and won the game. Lynne Cosby again came out on top, with 52 made as usual by hard and judicious leg hitting. Mockridge 28, Boulthee 20, Cresar 19, Hoskin 12 not out, McMaster 12, and Waldie 10 were the other chief scores. Jack Counsell never gets credit in the published scores for the good work he does. He only scored two runs at Hamilton, but he stood at the wickets for a long time, as he always does against bowling however good. One or two such men are invaluable to an eleven.

Willis of Scarboro' made 43 not out against Riverdale on Saturday last. He is a hard hitting left-hand batter.

Hamilton defeated Toronto in the first match between the two clubs this season. It was decided on the first innings of 54 to 42. It was a professionals' day, Leigh scoring 17 and Fleet 13. Toronto will get down to business now and wait for Hamilton where the roads cross a little further on.

Rosedale and Parkdale met the other day, the score being 53 to 88 respectively. For the losers Lyon put up 31, his first score this season. J. E. Hall made 38 for Parkdale, this being his third good score since the opening of the season.

Trinity College School defeated Bishop Ridley College by 55 and 84 against 13 and 31. For the winners the chief scorers were: Andrews, 4 and 23; Rogers, 0 and 32; Lottridge, 11 and 18, and Senkler, 12 and 1. None on the other side reached doubles.

Chatham defeated the M. A. A. of Detroit last Saturday by 108 to 92. S. S. Kolfage of Chatham did himself proud by putting up 43 not out. The veteran, Tom Dale, was bowling for Detroit.

East Toronto played Georgetown on Saturday and won on the first innings by 50 to 39. Capt. Chandler made 11 for the winners and Roe 14 for the other side.

Rosedale defeated Oakville the same day, but the scoring was wretchedly small, 21 and 38 for the winners and 11 and 35 for the losers. Petman of Rosedale was the only man on either side who came off, he making 11 and 12.

A. SLOW LOBB, JR.

Wanted to Die Rich.

Our forces were arranged before Vicksburg and we were waiting for the turn of affairs which was imminent, when we sent old Uncle Mose Larkins, our cook, out to forage for provisions. As all is fair in love and war, we did not question his right to some fat chickens, but when a lady came into camp the next day and accused our cook of stealing her silver, that was another affair. We called Uncle Mose, and began to question him.

"'Fore' God, gemm'n, I ain't seen no sich things," he affirmed.

We knew he was lying, and told him we would string him up if he did not return the silver, but as this had no effect on him we procured a rope, put it around the old rascal's neck and told him if he had anything to say, to say it at once, as he had only five minutes to live.

"I done kno' eanything of dat woman's silver spoons," he reiterated solemnly, "an' I ain't got nuffin' to 'fess, but," with a twinkle in his eyes, "when you gets home and see Aunt Sarry, my po' old gal, yo' tell her dat yo' gone done hang old Uncle Mose suah enuff, but dat he died rich; yo' heah, chillun, he die rich."

This being equal to a confession, the old man was let off, but we all thought he would have preferred to die rather than restore the spoons he was compelled to give up.

Her Gentle Hint.

"Are you interested in base-ball?" asked Miss Skitts of Mr. Dolley, at eleven p. m.

"Yes, I am," Dolley replied. "But why do you ask, Miss Skitts?"

"I was merely wondering if it wasn't about time for you to make a home run."

A Horrid Prescription.

Doctor—You should wear a chest-protector, Mrs. Fashun.

Mrs. Fashun—I may take it off when I wear a ball or opera dress, mayn't I?

Doctor—No, madam. In fact that is really the only time when you need it.

Oh Yes, That's So.

She (after an absence of several years abroad)—How do you do? So delighted, I'm sure. Not married yet? Why, the last time I saw you, it seems to me you were engaged.

He—Yes, I was.
She—Let's see; to whom?
He—To you.

Lost to the World.

"Now prisoner," said the judge, "how did you manage to elude so successfully the vigilance of the detectives?"

"That was very easy, your honor," replied the prisoner. "I lived in the front parlor of a New England farm-house."

Very Different.

V. Icy—I don't see why young Brown isn't as much the right sort as Jones; he makes more money.

S. Ditzer—Yes; but Brown makes wages—gets paid by the week, you know. Jones has an income of a thousand a year.

The New Route to Colorado.

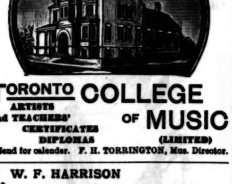
First-class sleeping cars—electric lighted—run daily between Chicago, Omaha, Lincoln and Denver via the short line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—Chicago to Omaha—and the Burlington Route—Omaha to Lincoln and Denver. Leave Chicago 6 p.m., arrive Omaha next morning, Denver second morning for breakfast, face and hands washed, ready for business or pleasure. Time and money saved. All coupon ticket agents in the United States and Canada sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

INCORPORATED 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN, PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Artists and Teachers' Graduating Courses
IN ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC
University Affiliation.
Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, &c.
SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY
Complete one and two year courses, with diplomas, under the direction of Mr. S. H. CLARK, a special feature.
(Special Calendar issued for this department.)
Conservatory Calendar, 120 pages, sent free to any address. EDWARD HERMANN, Musical Director,
Mention this paper. Cor. Yonge St. and Wilton Ave.

MISS McCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony
AT THE
TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
(Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.)
Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano Playing on and after September 2, at her residence
6 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.
Pupils of Ladies' Colleges taught at reduction in terms.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
ARTISTS and TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES DIPLOMAS (LIMITED)
Send for calendar. F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.
Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
ORGAN AND PIANO
64 Gloucester Street

MR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church
Teacher in the advanced grades of the Pianoforte at the Toronto College of Music, Moulton Ladies' College and Dufferin House.
Residence 605 Church Street.

MR. F. WARRINGTON
BARITONE
Choirmaster Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto
Will receive pupils in Voice Culture, at his residence, 214 Carlton Street, Toronto.
OPEN FOR CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS

LLOYD N. WATKINS
903 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

DR. McLAUGHLIN, DENTIST,
Cor. College and Yonge Streets.
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

VITALIZED AIR FREE
I will insert the best teeth on rubber or celluloid for $8 and $10, and include extracting with the air.
C. H. RIGGS
Cor. King and Yonge Sts. Telephone 1476

STAMMERING
CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL. No advance fees. 2 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

W. O. FORSYTH (Piano Specialist)
Studied in Germany with the famous artists—M. Krause, Dr. S. Jadassohn, Gustav Schreck and Adolf Ruthardt. Exponent of the celebrated Krause-Liszt technic, the method and style of the greatest pianists. Teacher of piano playing and harmony at Toronto College of Music, Moulton Ladies' College, and Miss Veal's School for Young Ladies, also privately. Address—
112 College Street, Toronto

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
STUDIO 31 KING ST. EAST
ARTIST

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A.,
SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 13 Lombard Street, Toronto.

MISS CLAIRE BERTHON, Portrait Painter, is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils in painting and drawing. Terms on application.
Studio, 591 Sherbourne Street

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.
Graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia.
Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture
Open for concert engagements and evenings of reading.
309 Wilton Avenue. Toronto Col ege of Music

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ORATORY
SUMMER SESSION (July 5 to Aug. 15) at GERRARD PARK. Recreation combined with the culture of master highest faculties. System based on the "TRINITY OF MAN." For full information address SECRETARY MOUNTER, College of Oratory, Toronto.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY, ONT.
Doing the most advanced work of any Ladies' College in Canada. Charming location. Elegant buildings. Rates moderate. Apply for information to
PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph.D.

COTHERSTONE HOUSE
189 Bloor Street East
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
Easter Term Commences April 25
For circulars address the MISSES JOPLING.

STAMPS WANTED
Wanted, obsolete Canadian Postage Stamps, also Canadian Provincial Stamps, such as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, as well as Newfoundland, &c.
Look up your old letters; many of these are worth $2 and $3 each.
A collection of Old Postage Stamps wanted, for which a good price will be paid.
GEO. A. LOWE
345 Spadina Ave., Toronto

LANGUAGES FRENCH, GERMAN SPANISH, ITALIAN
Actually Spoken and Mastered in Ten Weeks without leaving your home by Dr. Rossenhain's Meisterschaft System. 550th Thousand. Duplicate taught as if actually in the presence of the teacher. Terms $5.00 for each Language. All questions answered and all exercises corrected free of charge. Specimen copies, Part 1., 25 cents. Send for Circulars.
MASTERED
The Meisterschaft Publishing Co.
No. 196 Summer Street Boston, Mass.
IN 10 WEEKS

Bingham Prints Invitations
For Weddings, Parties, Etc.
Good
38 Adelaide St. West
Toronto

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Cor. King and Jarvis Streets, Toronto
Established 1876.
Mikado Panels, 6 for 50c.; $1 a doz.
Sunbeams, 4 for 25c.

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide St. East West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 105 Bloor St. Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

NEWCOMBE -:- PIANOS
Endorsed by the highest musical authority.
THE FINEST MADE IN CANADA
OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA
Head Office—107-9 Church Street

NEW MUSIC

Auita Valse Espagnole, by B. Rambe ..... 50c.
Victoria, new dance, by H. M. Early, music by Chas. Sohner.. 40c.
Dance Romantique (Jersey or Schottische) F. E. Galbraith... 40c.
Skirt Dance, Marjorie, by L. Gray 25c.
Tar and Tartar Waltzes, arranged by E. Franz ..... 50c.
Lacrosse Jersey, by Nellie Smith 40c.
Comic Song, There's Not Another Like It, by James Fax..... 40c.
Sacred Song, Son of My Soul, by Nellie Smith ..... 50c.
Elite Song Folio, a splendid collection of song, paper cover.... 75c.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., Publishers
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

LADIES' DONGOLA BUTTON BOOTS and LOW OXFORD SHOES at

PICKLES' SHOE PARLOR, 338 YONGE STREET

SHOES
We have some beauties in this week. They are very dainty indeed, and will repay inspection. We are determined our customers shall have their pick of the finest to be had.
H. & C. BLACHFORD
83—89 King St. East

Miraculous Water
IS USED FOR
Removing Pimples, Blotches, &c., and for beautifying
THE COMPLEXION
Ask your druggist for it, or send to
P. BRUNET, 31 Adelaide St. West

GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT
H. & W. WATSON'S
11 Adelaide Street West

MADAME IRELAND'S
Herbal Toilet Soap
The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

BALD HEADS
We warrant Capilline to produce the growth of hair and remove dandruff. No mineral poisons.
Love's Drug Store, 166 Yonge Street

GOLDEN HEALTH PELLET
Specific in Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Pile troubles and Menstrual difficulties. Worth a guinea a box. Price 25c.; 6 boxes for $1. Send for pamphlet to
THOMPSON'S HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
396 Yonge Street, Toronto

REMINGTON
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER
The Leading Educational Institutions
are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.
Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for properties or office work. GEORGE BENGOUGH,
10 and 12 Adelaide Street East,
Telephone 1207. TORONTO.

ARTISTIC WALL & CEILING DECORATIONS AT GRADED PRICES
SUPERIOR WALL PAPERS AND ART FABRICS
THE KINGSLAND & SON 94 KING ST W TORONTO

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice. While the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed.
Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE
Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (pay when delivered), viz: 4 cwtes for $1; 12 cwtes, $3; 25 cwtes, $5. A cwte holds as much as a barrel. Just a post card to HARVIE & CO., 59 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1570.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Loretto Abbey on Wednesday, Miss Lay's on Friday and Miss Dupont's on Saturday. By next week the sweet girls will have scattered to their homes to revel in holidays and all summer delights.

•

Mrs. Johnstone of Grosvenor street and Miss F. Hall of Guelph have returned from a fortnight's visit to the well known Preston Springs. The Hotel Del Monte is being largely patronized by Toronto people. Amongst the guests lately were Judge and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Hon. G. W. Ross and others.

•

Mr. A. Drake, of Cockburn and Drake, sailed on Wednesday, June 15, from New York for the Continent.

•

A very pleasant and quiet wedding took place at 17 Prospect avenue, Buffalo, on Wednesday, June 15, when Miss Lillian Gallan became the wife of Mr. Henry G. Trout, proprietor of the King Iron Works, Buffalo. A number of friends from Toronto and Hamilton were present and congratulatory messages were received from California and other remote points.

•

Miss E. Maude Merrill has returned to the city after a very pleasant visit with Justice Merrill and family of Yale, Mich.

•

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. C. H. Miller of Newburgh, father of Mrs. Allen Aylesworth of Madison avenue.

•

Mrs. Fred H. Gooch and family of Alexander street are spending the summer at the Sandbanks, West Point, Prince Edward County.

•

Mr. W. O. Forsythe left Toronto for Germany last Thursday, to be gone until September. He will visit Vienna, Bayreuth, Leipsic and other musical centers.

•

Miss Cochrane of Rochester, who has been staying with friends in town, has gone to Dunnville to visit Mrs. Conolly.

•

Mr. Philip Todd, who has been fishing in Dunnville with Mr. R. G. Conolly, has returned to town with a well filled basket of black bass.

•

At a successful parlor concert given by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mighton of Garth street, Hamilton, in aid of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Mrs. Birchall of Toronto gave great pleasure to those present by her sweet and sympathetic rendering of several songs.

•

Mrs. H. M. Fowlds of Hastings is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. P. Pearce of 14 Prince Arthur avenue.

•

On Thursday evening, June 16 there was a happy gathering at 589 Spadina avenue, the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Basteda, when their daughter May was married to Mr. Herbert L. Hawkey of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Philip, B.A., pastor of Broadway Tabernacle. The bride was attired in a becoming dress of goblin blue bengaline and carried bridal roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Jewel McGeary of Brantford, Miss Sadie Byrne and Miss Lottie Settrell, wore pretty dresses of fawn cloth with bouquets of pink roses. The happy pair left by the evening train for Montreal, Quebec and the Eastern States. Mrs. Hawkey will be At Home to her friends June 30th and July 1st at 83 Bleecker street.

•

Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, wife and daughter of the late Col. Kennedy of Winnipeg, were at the Arlington last week. They left on Monday evening for Detroit and other cities.

•

Mr. Justice Street has taken a residence on Walmer road.

•

The Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake left for Murray Bay on Monday of this week. Mr. Blake expects to sail for the Old Country from Rimouski without returning to Toronto.

•

The staff and cadets of the Royal Military College gave their annual ball at Kingston last night. Only those who have attended one of these gay events know what delightful hosts the cadets make. Some fashionable people from Toronto attended.

•

Dr. Spilsbury sails to day from Montreal for a three months' sojourn in European medical centers.

•

Mrs. E. K. Beeston of Winnipeg, nurse and three children, is staying a few weeks in the city before leaving for the lake side.

•

Mr. W. H. Blake and Mr. Z. Lash left yesterday to enjoy themselves fishing salmon on the St. Lawrence.

•

Mr. D'Alton McCarthy sailed on Wednesday from New York by the Majestic. Mr. S. H. Blake sailed last week. Both gentlemen are to be engaged in the Manitoba school case before the Privy Council.

•

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson of Edmonton reached town last Monday after spending a most enjoyable winter in the cities of Southern Europe. They are staying with Mr. A. B. Lee of Jarvis street.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels and family left last week for their summer cottage at Cacouna.

•

Prof. S. H. Clark left for New York on Tuesday last to attend a meeting of elocutionists.

•

Major and Mrs. Macdonald will sail by the Parisian for England to attend the shooting contests at Bisley.

•

Mr. Bolte's friends gave him a dinner last Saturday night at the Toronto Club.

•

A pretty wedding took place at the Avonmore, Jarvis street, on Wednesday, when Miss Minnie Davidson, daughter of the late Charles Davidson, was married to Mr. Arthur H. Mason. The pretty bride looked very charming, and had for bridesmaid Miss Bessie Wylie. The groom was supported by Mr. Thomas H. Mason. The newly married couple left for Montreal and the Eastern States.

•

Miss Edith McHenry, daughter of Mr. G. H. McHenry of Montreal, will spend the summer in England and on the Continent.

•

A meeting of the Island Amateur Aquatic Sports Committee will be held at the Club House, Center Island, this evening at 8 o'clock.

•

Mrs. C. Gordon of Ottawa is visiting her parents, Prof. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Rosedale.

•

Mrs. J. J. Dixon held a charming reception on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The bride looked lovely in a gown of pink silk and brocade trimmed with ostrich feathers. A large number of friends called to offer their congratulations.

•

Among the new arrivals at the West End Island we notice: The Messrs. H.W. and A. T. Nelles and R. L. Baynes Reed of the Molson's Bank, Mr. and Mrs. Bird and family of Hamilton, Miss Murchy of Guelph, and Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lockhart of Brunswick avenue, these being the guests of Miss Speers at Interlaken, whose comfortable quarters are always well patronized.

•

In the first week of June at Alverstoke, England, were solemnized the nuptials of Robert Kendrick Cathcart, son of the late James Cathcart of Toronto, Canada, and Florence Emma, widow of Mr. Frank E. Thicke and youngest daughter of Captain Sir Alfred Balliston, R. N. J.P. The ceremony was performed by the rector, assisted by Rev. A. A. D. Harding. The bride, who was attired in a traveling dress of gray cloth with handsome moire and cord trimmings and gray bonnet with pink feathers, was given away by her father. The newly married pair left for London en route for Ireland and Germany. Many valuable presents were sent from friends in England, Germany and Canada.

The 30,000 ISLANDS of the GEORGIAN BAY

Canada's Summer Holiday Grounds

The Home of the Black Bass and Other Game Fish

"THE PENETANGUISHENE"

15 Acres of Waterside Park

Every Convenience in House

IN PENETANGUISHENE HARBOR, GEORGIAN BAY

Take the Grand Trunk Railway via Toronto. Special Tourist Rates from all points. See G. T. R. Time Tables.

☞Ask for Illustrated Booklets.

For terms and further particulars as to rooms address

The MANAGER, Penetanguishene, Ont.

Or apply at the ROSSIN HOUSE, Toronto, Ont.

PENINSULAR PARK HOTEL Lake Simcoe

Magnificent Summer Hotel The Finest in Canada

OPEN JUNE 22

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. W. H. RAY

Built at a Cost of $50,000

Everything in First-Class Style

Electric Light, Electric Bells, Bowling Alley, Ballroom, 40 Acres Land, Lawn Tennis, Boating, Fine Bathing-house for Ladies, Bathing, Fishing. Boats regularly from Orillia and Barrie. For terms apply to

W. H. RAY, 32 Beatty Avenue, Toronto

or to M. McCONNELL, 45 Colborne Street, Toronto

Diamond Rings
Diamond Pendants
Diamond Earrings
Diamond Bracelets
Diamond Pins

We carry the largest stock of unset diamonds in the city and furnish estimates and designs by our own designer for all kinds of high class diamond work.

RYRIE BROS. Jewelers

COR YONGE & ADELAIDE STS.

STEPHENSON HOUSE and the only Mineral Baths in St. Catharines ARE

Now Open for the Season of 1892

The Baths are a positive cure for Rheumatism, Paralysis Gout and Sciatica. Sent for descriptive Pamphlet and Analysis of Water.

C. M. WARNER, Prop'r.

To My Patrons and the Public Generally:

Special inducements are now offered for the next 60 days for Light Scotch Tweed Suitings, of which I have just received a large consignment, and invite your inspection.

HENRY A. TAYLOR

No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto

THE - - CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

FOR

DOMINION DAY

WILL SELL

Round Trip Tickets

FOR

Single Fare

Good going June 30 and July 1, 1892

Good returning till July 4, 1892

MRS. PENROSE

Children's Dresses & Outdoor Garments

Made in all the latest styles, from one year old up.

12 BORDEN STREET

He—I love you. Will you marry me? She—Will you promise not to brag about your mother's superior cooking?

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.

Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

London, Ont.

GOLD MEDAL JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto JAMAICA 1891

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

CATERING AND DINNERS BANQUETS CONFECTIONERY

WEBB'S WEDDING SUPPLIES

ESTABLISHMENT 447 YONGE ST TORONTO ONT.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WEDDING CAKES

Of the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

LADIES, REMEMBER!

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

WE WILL OFFER

250 MANTLES AND JACKETS

25 Per Cent. Under Regular Prices

ALSO 100 PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS AT HALF PRICE

ELEGANT DRESSMAKING

D. GRANT & CO., 206 and 208 Yonge St.

FOR ROCHESTER

SS. CARMONA

This large and commodious electric-lighted side wheel steamer will ply between Toronto and Charlotte this season, leaving Toronto every

Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.

Saturday at 10 p.m.

Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.

Returning, leaving Charlotte every

Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m.

This boat has large state room accommodation, fine cabin and every convenience for first-class passengers.

Tickets and freight rates may be obtained at

W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street, or on Wharf.

P. S.—Steamer open for charter (day excursions) on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Apply to— F. McINTYRE, 34 Yonge Street.

Niagara Falls Line

Str. Empress of India

Daily from Geddes' Wharf, at 8 a.m. and 3.40 p.m., for

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo New York

and all points East. Through trains from Fort Dalhousie, fast time. Tickets at all leading hotels and all G. T. R. and Empress ticket offices and on wharf.

Family tickets for sale.

ST. CATHARINES, GRIMSBY AND TORONTO NAVIGATION CO. (Limited)

The fast steamer LAKESIDE, Capt. T. Murray, plying between Toronto and St. Catharines daily.

Leaves MILLOY'S WHARF, foot of Yonge Street at 3.40 p.m., arriving at Fort Dalhousie at 6 p.m., in time for outgoing trains. Returning, leaves St. Catharines, Merritt Wharf, at 8 a.m.; Fort Dalhousie, 8.40 a.m., calling at piers, arriving in Toronto at 11.21 a.m. For despatch and Low Rates ship by this line. Cheap Excursion Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 2 p.m. Saturday tickets, good until Monday, 75c. Special rates to Moonlight and other excursion parties. For tickets (family tickets a specialty) and full information apply at Robinson & Heaslip's, 69 Yonge Street; Milloy's Office, foot of Yonge Street; G. P. R. Offices, Board of Trade, and on the Boat.

J. T. MATTHEWS, Mgr., 505 Board of Trade. Tel. 2130.

Niagara River Line

PALACE STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

FOR NIAGARA AND LEWISTON

In connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, etc.

Leaves Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, 7, 11 a.m., 2, 4 45 p.m.

Arrive Niagara, 9 10 a.m., 1 10, 4 10, 7 10 p.m.

Leave Niagara 8 30, 11 a.m., 2 6 p.m.

Arrive Toronto 10.40 a.m., 1.10, 4.10, 8.10 a.m.

Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, Manager

ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER

Godes-berger.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

The Queen of healthful beverages.—*The Week*, Ont.

Exquisitely pure.—*Prof. Wanklyn.*

Wholesome and genuine.—*Civil Service Gazette*, London, Eng.

For Sale at all the Leading Wine Merchants, Hotels and Restaurants

PROF. DAVIDSON

The Famous Chiropodist and Manicure

Has seats established himself on King Street. Those troubled with Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails should call and see the professor at

49 King Street West, Room 7

A FEW BERTHS TO

Alaska

STILL TO BE HAD

ON THE

CLYDE-BUILT STEEL

SS. ISLANDER

WHICH WILL SAIL FROM

Vancouver and Victoria

July 3, 18, Aug. 2, 17

For full particulars apply to Canadian Pacific Railway Agents, or at

TORONTO TICKET OFFICE

1 KING ST. EAST.

COR. YONGE STREET.

GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.

100 & 102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

WE are now showing the largest and finest stock of Carriages, of all descriptions, in the Dominion. Call and inspect them. All work guaranteed.

GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.

RAGLAN CYCLES

MANUFACTURED IN

COVENTRY, ENGLAND

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE:

GEO. F. BOSTWICK

24 West Front Street

TORONTO, ONT.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Among the guests who registered at the Queen's Royal last Thursday was Mr. J. Geale Dickson, who arrived from England only a few days before with the intention of spending the summer here. Mrs. Dickson and little son remain in England for the present.

Mrs. J. L. Scarth, whose bright, piquante face is always so welcome a sight here, spent a day or two in town last week the guest of her father, Dr. F. M. Morson. She was accompanied by her cousin, Miss Annie Morson, who is also another great favorite here.

Miss Cawthra, who is still a prisoner at Doyle's Hotel, is recovering slowly from her painful accident a few days ago.

Miss Ella Scott has been spending a few days at Doyle's Hotel.

Mrs. and Miss Ethel Radcliffe will be the guests during the summer of Miss Creen.

Mrs. and Miss Foy have taken Chestnut Hall, the handsome residence overlooking the Fort Mississauque commons recently occupied by Mr. Crane.

Miss Smith, a *petite* blonde who has returned from the West Indies, is the guest of Mrs. Curtis.

Mr. E. W. Syer arrived at the Anchorage last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart and family have taken a cottage here for the summer.

Miss Mary Hewgill, who has been spending the past winter with friends in Toronto, has returned home.

Mrs. J. O. Heward spent last Saturday and Sunday in town.

Miss M. Roberts and the Misses Ince are the guests of Mrs. G. Warren.

Two of Dr. Warren's pretty little cottages on the river bank have been taken by Dr. J. Baldwin and Mr. J. Buchanan.

Among the arrivals at the Queen's this week are Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy. GALATEA.

WHITBY.

The commencement exercises of the Ontario Ladies' College on Monday drew a large crowd from all parts of the country as usual. There have during the past year been about one hundred and fifty young ladies in attendance at the college and the graduating class was larger than ever before. Among the visitors present were: Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, Mrs. (Dr.) Ball, Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, Miss Laura Wilkinson, Mr. Joseph Tait, M. P. P., Miss Mabel Gurney, Miss Kent, Miss Lee, Miss Davies, Mr. J. A. Cooper, Mr. J. P. Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. B. Kent, Mrs. R. J. Score, Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mr. and Mrs. M. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Westwood, Mr. and Mrs. W. Leak, Miss Gillespie of St. Catharines, Miss Jennie Hamilton, Miss Maud Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur and Miss Poole, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bastedo, Miss Windeat, Rev. J. F. Ockley, Mr. L. R. O'Brien, Dr. Austin, Miss Doherty, Rev. Mr. Hassard, Rev. J. F., Mrs. and Master German, Mr. Morley and Miss Maud Wickett, Mr. McIlroy, Mr. Addison, Mr. J. T. Moore, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Shore, Col. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. Higginbottom, Mrs. Glen of Australia, Miss Lucy and Miss Marion Allen, Mrs. Joseph Davies. Most of these were from Toronto, and mingling with them were: Mr. Josiah Wood, M.P., of Sackville, N.B., Mrs. and the Misses Acheson of Goderich, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Morris of Chicago, Mr. C. H. and Miss Katie Kelk of Hamilton, Judge Dartnell, Major Campbell, Steve King, Rev. R. Cade, Rev. J. Abraham, Principal Tambyn, Dr. McGillivray and Mr. William Smith, M.P., of Whitby. The graduation class was prettily attired and extremely excited during the formal presentation of the diplomas, scholarships and medals. Owing to other claims upon our space we cannot insert the full list of graduates.

HAMILTON.

The beautiful interior of Christ Church Cathedral presented an exceedingly pretty picture on Wednesday morning last, when Miss Catharine Alicia Ridley, fourth daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Ridley, was united by the holy bonds of matrimony with Dr. W. Baldwin of Toronto. The warm sunshiny June day was an ideal one for such an event and the bride, attended by her six bridesmaids all in white gowns and large hats, with the two little maids of honor preceding, made a pretty group. The church was artistically arranged with palms and flowers. After the ceremony a reception was held at Mrs. Ridley's.

Mrs. Coulson of New York is the guest of Mrs. Gaviller of Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Wood and Mrs. Robert Hobson left last week for a three months' trip in Europe.

Mrs. Lottridge of Blackanton gave a charming pink tea on Tuesday afternoon to a most brilliant assemblage of the fair sex. This beautiful house is well adapted for entertainments, and with such charming hostesses as Mrs. and Miss Lottridge no one could do otherwise than enjoy themselves.

Mrs. Watson and family left last week for The Pines, Muskoka, where they spend the summer.

Among the exodus of cottagers for the Beach are: Mr. and Mrs. Tapps, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. Glassco, Mr. and Mrs. Tidswell, Mrs. and Miss Young, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Counsell, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hills and many others.

Miss Briggs of Holdsworth gave a most charming and novel entertainment, designated a Swiss tea, on Friday afternoon at five o'clock. The tea was served *a la Suisse*, and small tables arranged about the rooms with four or six at each made it very informal and jolly.

Mrs. W. T. Ramsay is visiting friends in London. Mr. A. G. Ramsay leaves on Thursday to join Mrs. Ramsay at Aix in Italy by the North German Lloyd. SYLVIA.

Summer Resort.

The Penetanguishene Summer Hotel is now open. This is one of the most delightful spots in Canada for a summer outing. See advertisement.

A Spring Thought for Mothers.

Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint, but begin at once the use of Nestlé's Food, universally acknowledged by the highest medical authorities as the best summer diet. When the heated term comes your child will then be strong for the battle with the heat.

Sample sent free on application to THOS. LEMING & CO., Montreal.

MEDICAL.

ANDERSON & BATES
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
Telephone 2022. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

DR. PALMER
30 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

Exquisitely Cool Garments for Warm Weather

CAMBRIC AND SATEEN BLOUSES, the latest Russian style, with frilled collar and front, all colors, at 75c., $1, $1.25.

WHITE LAWN DITTO, 50c, 75c., $1 to $2.50

LADIES' TEA GOWNS, in Cream Delaines, with floral designs and charming effects, at $9.50.

Also in Henrietta Cloth, with Cream Lace Trimmings, in all delicate summer tints, at $10.

Another novelty is in Crepon Goods in Nile green, shrimp pink, pale blue, cream, &c., at $12.50.

NOTE—We are clearing the balance of Paris Pattern Hats and Bonnets at 50 p.c. off marked prices.

A special line of Sailor Hats, in cream, black and navy, fully trimmed, at $1.

R. WALKER & SONS

One Man—My wife is eternally gadding about. She's never home. Is yours?

Another Man—Don't know. I'm never at home enough to find out. What'll you take?

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 359 Bathurst St.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street and 146 Carlton Street

DENTISTRY.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL
DR. FRANK E. CRYSLER
DENTIST
249 McCaul St., a few doors south of College
Telephone 2567.

DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to Dr. Hipkins). Rooms suite 23, Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hipkins will be associated with his successors for a time. Hours 9 to 5. Tel. 2292.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

Ice Cream Soda
Pure Fruit Juices
Mineral Water on Draught
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge St., Toronto

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

SMITH—At 46 Isabella street, Toronto, on June 17, the wife of J. Norman Smith, of a son.
LEFROY—June 15, Mrs. A. H. F. Lefroy—a son.
LYON—June 13, Mrs. G. S. Lyon—a daughter.
ASPINALL—June 14, Mrs. T. S. Aspinall—a son.
BOYLE—June 15, Mrs. John Boyle—a daughter.
MARSH—June 14, Mrs. A. H. Marsh—a daughter.
SMITH—June 14, Mrs. W. H. Smith—a daughter.
HUTCHISON—June 13, Mrs. W. Hutchison—a daughter.
LANCELY—June 13, Mrs. (Rev.) J. E. Lancely—a daughter.
MACFARLANE—June 19, Mrs. G. H. Macfarlane—a son.
CLARK—June 17, Mrs. Geo. C. Clark—a daughter.
GOURLIE—June 18, Mrs. Herbert W. Gourlie—a daughter.
SCOTT—June 15, Mrs. G. W. Scott—a daughter.
PAGE—June 21, Mrs. J. A. Page—a daughter.

Marriages.

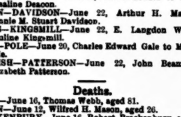
THOMPSON—GAUDRIE—At Beechin, Ont., on Wednesday, June 15, 1892, by Rev. R. H. Haley, Smith Thompson of Beaverton to Miss Rose Marguerite Gaudrie, daughter of Mr. Wilfred Gaudrie.
THOMPSON—GASSETT—June 14, Dr. Walter W. Thompson to Katie E. Gassett.
KINNEAR—WHITE—June 15, Thomas J. Kinnear to Beatrice M. White.
ALLWARD—McKEWON—June 15, Charles H. Allward to Maggie Chain McKewon.
McFAUL—BARRON—June 15, Dr. J. Henderson McFaul to Annie Barron.
STARRETT—MOORE—June 16, C. A. Starrett to Annie E. Moore.
BUCHANAN—WILKINS—June 16, John H. Buchanan to Minnie H. Wilkins.
DAVEY—PLATT—June 14, Rev. R. G. Davey to Lillian Platt.
DUNN—HENDERSON—June 15, Wallis Dunn to Maud Elizabeth Henderson.
GOLDSTEIN—STERN—June 15, Maxwell Goldstein to Rose Stern.
SCHOFIELD—PEVERLEY—June 15, James Hargrave Schofield to Maude Peverley.
THOMAS—HAZLEWOOD—June 15, Philip James Thomas to Fanny Hazlewood.
WAUGH—KELLY—June 15, George T. Waugh to Lena Kelly.
HAWLEY—BASTEDO—June 16, Herbert L. Hawley to May Russell Aikens Bastedo.
JARVIS—MACDONNELL—June 15, Henry St. John Jarvis to Louisa Caroline Macdonnell.
PRICE—CONLEY—June 15, G. F. W. Price to Lillian B. Conley.
SMITH—WALLACE—June 16, W. H. Smith to Agnes Wallace.
BLAKEMAN—TRIPP—June 15, T. W. Blakeman to Ida Tripp.
TISDALE—DANBY—June 16, Wm. Tisdale to Euphemia Danby.
BRISBIN—WADDELL—June 15, W. F. Brisbin to Bessie Waddell.
CRONIN—SOULTON—June 16, Patrick Francis Cronin to Frances Charlotte Soulton.
ROXBURGH—CAMERON—June 21, William Roxburgh to Isabella Ewing Cameron.
HOLCROFT—MAULE—June 21, Charles I. F. Holcroft to Edith B. Maule.
SOMERVILLE—PURKISS—June 21, W Somerville to Eva M. Purkiss.
THOMPSON—HILLIARD—June 21, Samuel Thompson to E. H. Hilliard.

Deaths.

WYLD—WARDELL—June 15, Robert Wyld to Alice Isabella Wardell.
SCHOLFIELD—SUTHERLAND—June 22, Henry C. Scholfield to Alexander L. Sutherland.
BEATTIE—GARDNER—June 21, David A. Beattie, M. D. to Agnes Gardner.
TOSKIN—DEACON—June 21, John J. Toskin to Eleanor Rosaline Deacon.
MASON—DAVIDSON—June 22, Arthur H. Mason to Minnie M. Stuart Davidson.
WILKS—KINGSMILL—June 22, E. Langdon Wilks to Pauline Kingsmill.
GALE—POLE—June 20, Charles Edward Gale to Madeline Pole.
BEAMISH—PATTERSON—June 22, John Beamish to Elizabeth Patterson.

Deaths.

WEBB—June 16, Thomas Webb, aged 81.
MASON—June 12, Wilfred H. Mason, aged 26.
BRACKENBURY—June 16, Robert Brackenbury, aged 65.
HOLMES—June 17, John G. Holmes, aged 28.
RANKIN—June 17, Alexander Rankin.
SCADDING—June 19, Charles Scadding, aged 84.
WHITE—June 20, Walter White, aged 54.
IRWIN—June 18, Margaret Irwin, aged 71.
WILSON—June 19, Charles Wilson, aged 48.
ROSS—June 18, Susan Florence Ross, aged 20.
WARD—June 19, T. L. Ward, aged 22.
HILL—June 17, Clara M. Hill, aged 21.
PROCTOR—June 18, William Proctor, aged 51.
KIRKHAM—June 18, Nicholas Kirkham, aged 34.
WALKER—June 19, George Walker.
RENNIE—June 19, Charles Rennie, aged 84.
HARRIS—June 19, Mrs. Lloyd Harris.
BEDFORD—June 17, William John Bedford, aged 23.
NELLES—June 20, Henry E. H. Nelles.
TRIGGER—June 18, Herbert W. Trigger, aged 36.
YOUNG—June 22, Ethel Maude Young—infant.



WEDDING GIFTS
A choice selection of the latest novelties in
Fine Porcelain
Rich Cut Glass, etc.
WILLIAM JUNOR
TELEPHONE 2177
109 King Street West, Toronto

CHINA HALL
(ESTABLISHED 1864)
49 King St. East, Toronto

Wedding Presents
ORNAMENTS IN
Royal Worcester, Crown Derby, Davenport, Doulton, Royal Carlsbad, Capa demonte Ware.
Venetian Glass Ornaments
English and American Cut Glass
The largest and best assortment in the Dominion, at close prices.
Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Spoons, etc.
Piano Lamps, English Silk Shades
Banquet Lamps, English Silk Shades
Oxydized Table Lamps, Eng. Silk Shades
Our stock is complete in all lines, and new goods arriving constantly.
HOTEL WARE—Full lines in every department. A liberal discount given. Write for quotations.
GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE
IMPORTERS

MASON & RISCH
New Scale Upright Pianos
STYLE A STYLE B STYLE C
Selected by Musicians. Envied by Rivals. Admired by All
MASON & RISCH
32 King Street West

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Warerooms: - - 117 King Street West, Toronto

THE Steamship Companies estimate that the number of tourists to Europe during the coming season will greatly exceed any previous year and have made preparations accordingly. We have done the same, and have constructed our

STATE ROOM TRUNKS

on a new principle, so that whilst they are the correct shape and size to go under the berths they can also be used as ordinary railroad trunks.

PRICES—				
32	Inch	$3.00	$5 00	
34	"	3 50	5.50	
36	"	4.00	6.00	$7.50

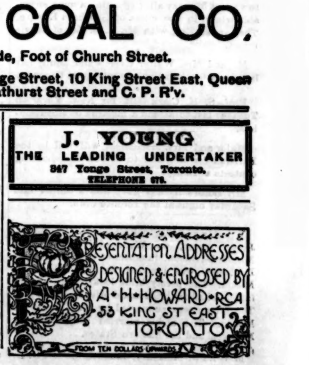
H. E. CLARKE & CO.
105 King Street West

Telephone to 1127
and have your laundry go to the
"PARISIAN"
Head Office and Works—67, 69 and 71 Adelaide Street West.
N. B.—Our drivers wear uniform cap with initials P. S. L.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'v.

PARK LIVERY
173 and 175 McCaul Street
Victorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Horses and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery.
TELEPHONE 133 W. J. MUNSHAW, Prop.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 671.

MOTHERS
USE HOWARTH'S
Carminative Mixture
This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
S. HOWARTH - Druggist
942 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
Established 1849. Telephone 1259